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Two Years of Franklin Roosevelt

by *Ernest K. Lindley*

Heywood Broun reviews "Torch Song"

Civilization and Its Discontents by *Sigmund Freud*

reviewed by *Henry Hazlitt*

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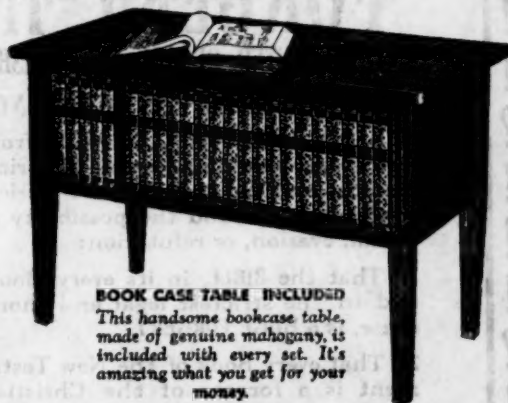
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PRESIDENT IRIGOYEN IS OUT, and martial law temporarily prevails in Argentina in place of a virtual civil dictatorship. The sequence of events seems to have been entirely in harmony with the rules of the revolutionary game. Irigoyen clung stubbornly to office until riots in Buenos Aires heralded the beginning of the end, then "retired" under a favoring provision of the constitution and left his mantle with Vice-President Martinez, fled from the capital when revolt became nation-wide, was quickly overtaken, and wrote his resignation a few minutes after reaching the army barracks where he was confined. The one-day President, Dr. Martinez, went theatrically through the form of declaring that he would die rather than resign, only to capitulate when General Uriburu declined to make him a martyr. General Uriburu himself found his rule almost immediately challenged, but got the situation in hand shortly and put Irigoyen under arrest. With the downfall of Irigoyen goes also, apparently, the defeat of his party, and the transfer of political control to the conservative forces of aristocracy and wealth. The overturn is by no means wholly political and personal, however, for back of it lies a disordered economic life due to the world-wide depression in agriculture, industry, and trade, and a financial situation marked by currency depreciation and inflation which Irigoyen's policy directly aggravated.

THE OVERTURN in Argentina naturally occasions some perturbation in Great Britain because of the favor which Irigoyen, who heartily disliked the United States, had long shown to British capital and trade. Washington, on the other hand, is reported to breathe a sigh of relief at the eclipse of a ruler who was anything but a great and good friend. An intensified competition for Argentine trade and a still keener interest in loans on Argentine security are accordingly to be looked for. Politically, the aloofness of Argentina, joined to the outspoken resentment which its press has more than once shown, has undoubtedly been a chastening restraint upon American imperialism, but criticism, however much it may be justified, does not make for international amity. It will be interesting to see how Mr. Hoover deals with the question of recognition in the cases of both Argentina and Peru.

A HEALTHY and somewhat novel tone has run through the dispatches from Washington indicating the attitude of the State Department toward revolutions in South America. We do not intend any longer to attempt to deny the right of revolution to the countries south of us. We will wait to make sure that the revolutionaries are in control; then recognize them. This was the attitude of the United States in its early days—naturally, since the memory of our own revolution was fresh in the young national mind—but Seward, as rank an imperialist as ever ruled the State Department, began to diverge from it, under Roosevelt and Taft self-interest dictated the policy of recognition, and under Wilson the course was continued, covered by a veneer of principle. Mr. Hughes developed Wilson's doctrine into a rigid opposition to intervention which involved us profoundly in the internal troubles of several republics. Both Wilson and Hughes undoubtedly desired sincerely to contribute to the tranquillity of Latin America; but it is all too obvious that the policy failed. Liberals who approved Mr. Wilson's opposition to the tyrant Huerta must realize today that it would have been better to let Mexico solve her own problems, even though she solved them wrong. It is an old tradition to which Washington is now returning. Jefferson defined it as early as 1792 in instructing the American Minister in troubled Paris that "it accords with our principles to acknowledge any government to be rightful which is formed by the will of the nation substantially declared." Jackson made it clearer still in 1836 when, referring to Texas, he stated "that the uniform policy and practice of the United States is to avoid all interference in disputes which relate merely to the internal government of other nations, and to recognize the prevailing party eventually without reference to our own particular interests and views or merits of the original controversy." Wise words—good to apply today to Latin America, and Russia also.

SENATOR BARKLEY of Kentucky, returning after a study of the European situation, calls attention to the growing discussion of our new tariff in its relation to war debts. He looks for a readjustment of European tariffs

against us, resulting, in connection with our own law, in a sharp restriction of American trade with Europe. "In England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and among the smaller states of Europe," says Senator Barkley, "I found in every circle with which I came in contact, official and unofficial, a profound feeling bordering almost on despair and even bitterness." The European political and industrial leaders interviewed by the Kentucky Senator simply cannot understand how we expect them to pay their war obligations at the same time that we make it as hard as possible for them to sell us anything so they may have the means to pay. Call the tribute reparations or war debts or what you will, if we will not let Europe sell, then Europe cannot pay. The burden of reparations and war debts is growing heavier because of the fall of prices. The growth of the load is bound to lead, and ought to lead, to further discussion of revision, and Americans will have to learn to think of international payments and trade policy together.

WHHEAT HAS SOLD IN CHICAGO during the past week as low as eighty-one cents. In October of last year, with prices half a dollar above the present level, the Farm Board made the luckless declaration that prices were then too low. All efforts to keep them up, whether by private pools or by government agency, have necessarily proved unavailing in face of the golden flow that pours forth from the soil and in presence of purchasing power cut by business depression. Now with a heavy carry-over from the last crop year, the Department of Agriculture estimates a world production for this year about 3 per cent greater than last year's good crop while Broomhall puts this year's increase at 6 per cent—and that in spite of the low prices prevailing since last spring. Low prices will in time bring less production and better prices. Farmers will turn to less unprofitable crops, and no greater disservice could be done American agriculture than to foster the notion that wheat prices here can be kept up without relation to world levels by government action, whether through "orderly marketing" or export bonus or whatever other method. Such an idea simply helps swell the overflowing production.

EUGENE MEYER, JR., was appointed governor of the Federal Reserve Bank by President Hoover on September 6—"a highly interesting selection," to quote the *New York Times*. Mr. Meyer has been continuously in government service since 1917, with the exception of the past year, having served as manager of the War Finance Corporation and chairman of the Farm Loan Board. His present appointment is being interpreted as meaning a probable continuation of what may be called the Mellon policies in Federal Reserve matters, which is by no means a reassuring prospect. The board today is generally blamed, just as it was blamed at the time by competent bankers, for its failure to take vigorous action to check the speculative mania of 1928-29, and the partisan political reasons for such failure are commonly known. It is, of course, easy to criticize the board, for its tasks are of almost inconceivable complexity, and every one of its important decisions is bound to hurt somebody. But the wise exercise of its enormous powers is of fundamental importance to the whole of our trade, our industry, and our agriculture as well; weakness is little less injurious than ignorance, and political purposes

are anathema. If Mr. Meyer can bring into the operations of the board vigor and courage as well as sound judgment, and can at the same time exorcise the demon of partisan politics, we may conceivably see something of that economic statesmanship that has been so conspicuous by its absence during the years just past.

WILLIAM GREEN, president of the American Federation of Labor, in a formal statement foreshadowing the report of the Executive Council, denounces compulsory unemployment insurance as only one step from the dole, which he characterizes as paternalistic, demoralizing, and destructive. Instead, he favors voluntary unemployment insurance funds in seasonal industries, a shorter work day and work week, and a guaranteed yearly wage. This position is entirely consistent with official federation opposition to any except voluntary contractual arrangements. With the New York State Federation on record in favor of compulsory unemployment insurance, a vigorous fight may conceivably mark the Boston convention of the American Federation next month. "The best, the real remedy for unemployment," says Mr. Green, "is employment." Absolutely right, and the first step in any intelligent employment program is stabilization of industry. The program that does not put steady employment first courts disaster. But when industry will not or cannot provide the regular employment that Mr. Green rightly demands, does he propose to let men starve or to maintain them by charity? Unemployment insurance does not mean charity. It does not mean abandoning stabilization as the primary aim. It does mean that industry collectively must assume responsibility for the support of its workers even when it is temporarily unable to use them. Under present conditions it is hard to see how Mr. Green can oppose it successfully.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT continues moving to the left, as indicated in the article by Ernest K. Lindley which we publish elsewhere in this issue. He recently came out for unemployment insurance, and now he is urging New York towns on to further power wickedness. He has been visiting the village of Gouverneur, whose municipally owned power plant is now selling its surplus power of 50,000 kilowatt hours a month at one and three-fourths mills to a private company, which in turn retails it to the 4,000 inhabitants of Gouverneur at nine cents. The plant was built two years ago at a cost of \$136,000, to light the streets and public buildings and pump water. According to the officials, it is saving the town \$10,000 a year as it is, and will pay for itself in thirteen years; but if the village could retail its surplus power to its citizens at two cents, there would be an added profit of \$11,000, while a five-cent rate (as against the private company's charge of nine cents) would pay all the costs of municipal government and leave Gouverneur tax free. The village officials believe that they cannot sell to private consumers without added legislation, but the Governor advises a direct appeal to the Public Service Commission for the requisite permit, suggesting that the village law and the public-service-commission law already give such authority. Public distribution of power in New York is now hindered by the lack of assured legal authority in municipalities. Unless local communities have authority, at need, to compete in distribution with private companies,

there is no way of making rate control genuinely effective. With the St. Lawrence Power Commission actively at work, the Governor is thus taking the next step forward in the power fight.

WE COMMENTED lately on the sharp rebuke given by the Mandate Commission of the League of Nations to Great Britain, and on Mr. Henderson's return rebuke to the commission. "You were responsible," said the commission; "so were you," said Mr. Henderson. And the cause of Palestine, perhaps, was not much advanced by the exchange. But there is another aspect of this tart talk which deserves attention. It was the first serious reprimand yet given by an organ of the League to one of the major Powers. Toward Greece and Bulgaria the League has been severe; when Italy was the offender, in Corfu, it hesitated and sidestepped; it let the French outrages in Syria and the British abuses of power in what used to be German Southwest Africa go. The Mandate Commission has, once or twice, provided a forum for international discussion of the administration of those disguised colonies known as mandated territories; but never before has it come out so publicly before the world in denunciation of the conduct of a Great Power. That is a striking and profoundly encouraging phenomenon. Perhaps a time may yet come when the words of the Covenant, the authority for the mandates, will acquire real meaning: those words, hitherto such a tragic farce, that

To those colonies and territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the state which formerly governed them and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization.

THE COMPLETE FAILURE of the negotiations between the Indian government and Mahatma Gandhi means the definite wrecking of the round-table conference scheduled for next month in London. The Indian Office has announced that the conference will be held as planned; yet it is plain that no real settlement can be reached without the agreement of Mr. Gandhi, whose terms, steadily adhered to by him for months, the government has flatly refused. The past six months have brought such defections from the ranks of the Moderates to the Nationalist cause that it is doubtful what persons of any importance, in addition to the fourteen princes representing so-called independent states, will even attend the conference. In another provocative speech Winston Churchill reproaches the government for negotiating at all with Gandhi, yet there is some truth in his unfair statement: "By imprisoning him without trial the government has won for Gandhi the sympathy of millions. By supplicating him they have informed those millions how much they fear his power." In fact Lord Irwin's government did the only possible thing in negotiating with the prisoner of Yerovda; he holds the power, and they know it. Their difficulty is well indicated by the grim comment of Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail*: "In India we must govern or go, and we don't intend to go, despite Lord Irwin and his friends." The government is reported as

hoping that the suffering occasioned among the Indians by the boycott and consequent economic disorganization may detach Gandhi's more moderate followers from their leader; but these Indians have hitherto displayed a strange eagerness to suffer for their cause.

PRINCE SIXTUS of Bourbon-Parma—the name awakens echoes. Today he is reported negotiating for the return of a Bourbon prince to the throne of Hungary; in 1917 this brother of the ex-Empress Zita played a more pleasing role. He was negotiating for the peace of the world. A sister invited him, an officer in the Belgian army, to Switzerland; the king and queen of Belgium lunched with him before he left. In Switzerland he met the Austrian emperor's personal envoy, and returning from this traffic with the enemy he was received by M. Poincaré at the Elysée in Paris. Not only that, but he went back, in full war, with a message to Charles. From France to Switzerland again, and across the border into Austria; by automobile at night to the imperial park, and up a back stairs to the emperor himself. Back to Paris, where he met two successive French prime ministers, M. Poincaré again, and to London to see Lloyd George and the British king; and back to Vienna, and back to Paris again. It is one of those little romances of war time that conventional historians prefer to neglect. For in the early months of 1917 the war might have been ended. Charles promised Austrian aid in regaining Alsace-Lorraine for France; neutrality regarding the Dardanelles; full restoration of Belgium; even some territorial compensation for Italy. But the negotiations failed because Ribot and Lloyd George felt they must stand by their secret promises to the Italians and win bigger loot.

THE SEA IS STILL a place of mystery and of adventure. Thus at Brest extensive operations are going on to rescue a treasure ship, the liner *Egypt*, which went down eight years ago with five millions of gold and silver in her cargo. Divers are busy, cranes are dragging at the submerged strong room 400 feet under the surface of the Atlantic. It reads like fiction but, to the marine underwriters who paid claims for the loss of the *Egypt*, it is a fairy story that is about to come true. As romantic is the story of the sinking of the liner *Tahiti*, written for the *New York Times* of September 7 by John Sullivan, one of the passengers. Stewards quietly ordered passengers on deck with life preservers at 5:30 on the morning of August 15; the rescue to the steamship *Ventura* was not effected until fifty-odd hours later. During that time food was scarce and water brackish, passengers were forbidden to go to their cabin, to undress, or go to bed, the crew bailed without stopping, the ship listed, the seas swept her. Yet, says Mr. Sullivan, not the slightest hysteria or panic was seen. Everybody was calm, patient, often cheerful. Even a lady with three children, one of whom had the whooping cough, was unfailingly gallant. Last but not least comes word of a rusty tin can that floated the other day into the harbor of St. Petersburg, Florida, bearing word of the mysterious vessel *Commodore* which drifted, black and empty, into New York harbor about thirty years ago. The newly found note, dated March 21, 1899, asks help for the wrecked ship *Commodore*. Who wrote the note, and where, and after what harassing experience? Another mystery of the sea.

Weighing European Union

THE Briand proposal of a European federation has had at least one useful effect: it has provoked a widespread discussion marked by a healthy difference of opinion. Some of the comments, as in the case of the Italian, German, and British replies to M. Briand's questionnaire, have offered searching criticisms of particular features of the plan or of the assumptions upon which it seemed to rest, while others have suggested alternative arrangements of more limited scope. Generally speaking, there appears to be no invincible opposition to the idea, but it is clear not only that the project is not to be swallowed whole or without careful study of what acceptance may imply, but that it may also be necessary to go to the roots of the existing political situation in Europe before any plan with a political character can be assured of general support.

The most serious criticism of the Briand plan thus far made is that it assumes the continuance of the political arrangements ordained by the Versailles treaty. Premier Mussolini has declared that the peace settlement is unsatisfactory, although he has not indicated wherein it should be revised. The German Government has raised the same issue, and the belief that Germany is bent upon revision has been deepened by the recent speeches of Dr. Gottfried Treviranus, Minister of Occupied Areas in the German Cabinet, denouncing the Polish corridor as a standing affront to Germany and predicting that the lands lost to Germany will some day be retaken.

It has been generally assumed that the peace settlement, misguided and vengeful as some of its provisions are now seen to have been, would have to be accepted in perpetuity because of the insuperable difficulty of changing it. The assumption, it should be pointed out, does not apply with equal force to all parts of the Versailles treaty. Some things, it must be admitted, cannot well be changed. No one would seriously urge that any of the new states which the Peace Conference created or recognized in Eastern Europe should now be deprived of their sovereignty. The reparations settlement of the Young Plan cannot with propriety be torn up now, whatever its fate may be at the hands of a later German generation that knows the World War only as fateful history. Certain territorial readjustments, on the other hand, could be made without throwing Europe into chaos or depriving the former Allies of any important fruits of their victory. Even the Paris negotiators knew that the Polish corridor was a fantastic anomaly, and that a guaranty to Poland of free-port privileges at Danzig needed no control of an illogical strip of hinterland to support it. The Polish corridor should certainly be abolished and the territorial connection between East Prussia and the rest of the Reich restored. The retention of Eupen and Malmédy by Belgium has nothing to commend it, the enforced demilitarization of the Rhine zone is only an irritating reminder of German defeat, and poverty-stricken Austria may well be allowed to unite with Germany if the peoples of the two countries so desire.

In so far as the acceptance of the Briand plan or some modification of it depends upon first allaying German re-

sentment, we have here four points at which justice can be done whenever the former Allies are willing to do it. The other difficulties that have been raised, while also in part political, concern mainly the form or scope of the Briand plan and the relations between a European union and the League of Nations. The International Juridical Union, an unofficial body of statesmen, diplomats, and lawyers, has come forward with a recommendation that the proposed union should not be a political affair in the strict sense, but that it should be formed within the framework of the League without intruding upon League functions or duplicating League activities, and that it "should not prohibit the formation within its scope of regional groups."

On the other hand, a special committee of the European Customs Union, another unofficial organization, has just advanced a proposal for the creation of two commissions to formulate plans for developing and regulating European internal and external trade (the latter including trade with Great Britain and Ireland) and lowering or abolishing the present customs barriers. This proposal, which appears to have grown out of the World Economic Congress at Geneva, in 1927, and the agitation for a European customs union which Count Coudenhove-Kalergi has for some years been carrying on, looks to the replacement of "the present chaotic condition" of trade by an organization which shall control both production and sales, and contemplates the eventual development of something that can be called a European market. The committee emphasize the necessity of making clear that the organization of such a market would not be directed against any single state or group of states outside of Europe.

It seems a reasonable guess that neither the Briand plan nor any of these alternatives will emerge intact from the renewed discussions at Geneva. Any plan that is adopted will almost certainly be a compromise. Thus far, representatives of twenty-seven nations at Geneva have decided to put the question on the agenda of the Assembly, but only after Arthur Henderson had won the British fight to keep any new union "in complete agreement with the League of Nations." Meantime, an interesting measure of cooperation is being attained through trade treaties and regional agreements. Rumania, for example, has just concluded treaties with Great Britain and France which open markets for Rumanian raw materials and French and British manufactures, and a convention between Germany and Poland is designed to end a disastrous competition in the rye trade with Scandinavian countries. An understanding is reported to have been reached at Warsaw between Poland, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Latvia, and Esthonia looking to the elimination of export bounties on agricultural products and, with the aid of the League, to a general amelioration of competitive conditions in agricultural trade. The recent Russo-Italian commercial convention is another case in point. With such foundations already laid, it is possible that some larger scheme of economic cooperation may in time be worked out and the idea of a political union allowed to wait.

Life Insurance

ONCE or twice within the last year we have noticed certain facts about the life-insurance companies of the United States which somewhat dim the glory of the \$110,000,000,000 coverage which their 95,000,000 policies provide for 70,000,000 of us. In the September issue of the *American Mercury* Abraham Epstein, executive secretary of the American Association for Old Age Security, presents so thorough an exhibit of existing insurance evils that they can no longer be lightly ignored.

Mr. Epstein begins by recalling the insurance scandals disclosed in 1905 by the New York legislative commission of which the chief counsel was the present Chief Justice Hughes. That investigation disclosed, among other things, the following outstanding abuses in the private insurance business: (1) Nepotism, (2) excessive salaries for high officers as against starvation wages for clerks, (3) extravagant costs of writing insurance, (4) an excessive rate of lapses, (5) control of legislation and public opinion by the expenditure of large sums for lobbying. Mr. Epstein finds that outside of the last evil, the possible extent of which is unknown, all the other evils are not only being perpetuated today, but that their extravagances are more appalling than ever.

In 1928, the year for which the latest reports are available, Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, received a salary of \$126,600. The president of the Metropolitan Life in 1928 was the late Haley Fiske, who drew \$200,000. Frederick H. Ecker, now the president of the Metropolitan, in 1928 drew a salary of \$175,000 as vice-president. Mr. Epstein shows that altogether eighty high officials of the larger insurance companies received a total salary of \$3,492,000 in 1928. Contrasted with these life-insurance salaries, the presidents of the New York Central and the Pennsylvania railroads, with five and eight times the number of workers employed by the Metropolitan, received respectively only \$53,550 and \$57,600. The insurance prosperity shared by the higher officials apparently never quite reached the clerical staff. Late in 1927 it was stated that "a large percentage of the girl clerks start as low as \$12 per week and rise from that to \$16 weekly at the end of three years, while bookkeepers' salaries run from \$18 to \$25, rising to a maximum of \$33 weekly between the tenth and twentieth year of service."

More serious than this from the point of view of the policy-holders has been the extravagant cost of writing insurance. During the 1905 investigations Vice-President Tarbell of the Equitable testified that the first year's commissions paid to agents on ordinary insurance amounted to about 60 per cent of the premiums and that the commissions on renewals ranged from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 per cent. A little over a year ago the superintendent of the New York State Insurance Department made a study of insurance acquisition costs. He found that the acquisition cost in ordinary insurance was 48 per cent for forty-seven New York companies, which are limited in their expenditures by law, and 75.5 per cent for 215 companies not authorized to do business in New York. The renewal expense rate was 14.3 per cent for the companies writing insurance in New York and 23.4 per cent for the other companies investigated.

Perhaps the gravest of Mr. Epstein's charges concerns the existing rate of insurance lapses. He finds that even in ordinary insurance, for every policy maturing more than two policies are either surrendered or lapsed, involving either complete or partial loss to the policy-holder; while for every dollar maturing, nearly three dollars is either surrendered or lapsed. The story of industrial insurance is even more astonishing. Of the nearly 72,000,000 industrial policies outstanding in 1928, fewer than 1,000,000, totaling \$210,000,000, matured; whereas 1,760,000 to the sum of \$317,000,000 were surrendered, and 5,802,000, valued at \$1,594,000,000, were lapsed.

Writing in the *Weekly Underwriter*, Henry E. Niles attempts to answer Mr. Epstein's charges. He remarks that the \$200,000 paid to the president of the Metropolitan is "less than one-tenth of the income of the Metropolitan for a single day"; he makes no similar comparison with the low salaries of the clerks. He holds that Mr. Epstein has made various misrepresentations; that, for example, he has compared commissions alone on old business in 1905 with "commissions and all other old business expenses" in 1927, and he asserts that if we compare the renewal premium income to the renewal commissions paid by companies operating in New York State we find that such commissions are less than 6 per cent of the premiums as compared with Mr. Epstein's figure of 14.3 per cent. Mr. Epstein quotes President Ecker of the Metropolitan as having testified that 85 per cent of the industrial policies lapse in the first year. What President Ecker actually testified, replies Mr. Niles, is the very different thing that "85 per cent of the lapses occur in the first year."

Mr. Niles's report seem to us to blunt the effect of some of Mr. Epstein's charges without reducing their essential seriousness. Insurance under private control in this country is not a matter that we can afford to feel smug about.

More Speed!

IN England a speed limit for motor vehicles has just been abolished by the passage of the new traffic bill; and at the same time we read that eleven of the American States have no legal speed limit, and twelve more, in 1929, increased the maximum speed at which a car may be driven. In these places where there is no specified rate of speed a driver may be arrested for reckless or foolhardy driving at any speed; which means that the legal machinery in these matters is merely being adjusted realistically to what is taking place on the roads every hour. If we kill 30,000 persons a year with automobiles in the United States—as last year we did—which is at the rate of about one person to every thousand cars, we are nevertheless determined to drive faster and ever faster. The old days of driving at twenty to thirty miles an hour are vanishing, even in cities. In New York to drive at the legal rate of fifteen miles an hour would invite a rebuke for obstructing traffic. Forty is the speed now, or fifty. At the same time that our cars are equipped with more powerful engines and stronger brakes, our roads are smoother, better graded, freer of dangerous curves. They invite the swift, long rush of the motor. And the motor is eager to respond.

It will be interesting to watch the results of this new system of abolishing a speed limit. It is plain that there are times when to drive at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour would be to invite disaster. On a straight, little-traveled, properly built road no sensible law would demand such a rate of speed. Yet it is true that whether or not it is due to our increasing rate, our motor fatalities are rising sharply every year. And it is equally true that on one of the main arteries leading into New York City, a highway almost twenty miles long, a maximum speed of thirty-five miles an hour is quite generally maintained. The road is heavily policed. One would like to know the cost to the city of maintaining this rate, the comparative number of accidents with other highways of similar length—and then compute the cost of policing the many hundreds of thousands of miles of roads all over the country on which cars roll twenty-four hours a day. It is evident that an effective police threat is necessary to maintain a moderate rate of speed. A simple regard for public safety will not do it.

There are, of course, other possible checks on reckless driving beside the policeman on a motor cycle. A thorough and careful reorganization of the system of licensing drivers would be one. As it is, a man or woman entirely unacquainted with the functions or limitations of a gasoline engine may, after a few tries and a perfunctory test, receive a legal permit to take this engine, pulling a couple of tons of metal and anywhere from one to six human beings, out on the public highway in competition with any number of other engines similarly equipped. In some States of the Union no driver's license of any sort is required. Not even the perfunctory test stands between the public and a reckless or incompetent driver. No schoolboy with a book knowledge of rods and levers would be permitted to take a high-powered locomotive from one station to another. But he may take a motor car through the heaviest city traffic if, in some localities, he has attained to the ripe age of sixteen. And if he violates some rule of the road and it happens to be seen by a traffic officer he is fined from three to five dollars and allowed to go his way. A recent analysis of the causes of 100,000 accidents which took place in 1929 shows that in the main they were due to "road hogging." For this no speed law is an adequate remedy. A remaking of the human spirit is required. A third of the accidents studied were due to what is called right-of-way theft—one driver driving in the lane that belongs to another. And since this may so easily come under the head of foolhardy driving, it is properly dealt with by a law that recognizes no speed limit but only recklessness.

The automobile has come upon us so suddenly that we are unprepared for it. In twenty years we have changed from a nation that walked or drove a horse to a nation that thinks nothing of riding five miles—in less than ten minutes—to fetch a loaf of bread. We are intoxicated by this new power. Every new experiment, therefore, that revises and fixes our attention on the rules of the road is a gain for us, a step in the direction of making driving a little safer. Automobile statistics may be made to prove anything. Nevertheless we must watch them. If our new laws make for more fatalities they will have to be changed. For we are probably not so callous or so careless of human life as we sometimes seem to be. And when the novelty of going fast has worn off, it will seem more important to go safely.

The Ideal Income

WHAT is the ideal income? If you could have exactly as much money every year as you wished, how much would you wish for? The London *Daily Herald* recently put the question to a group of its most distinguished readers, among them Bernard Shaw, Edgar Wallace, Mrs. Clynes, wife of the Home Secretary, Beatrice Seymour, G. K. Chesterton, Ellen Wilkinson, and Lady Duff Gordon. The answers ranged all the way from a pound-a-day minimum submitted by Mr. Wallace—who must make a large number of thousands a year writing detective stories—to Lady Duff Gordon's frank declaration that it would be terribly, terribly hard to get along comfortably on less than £6,000 a year. Mr. Shaw thought £400 ought to be satisfactory; and indeed it is interesting to note that this figure or one very near it was considered a sufficient sum by the majority of the contributors. Two thousand dollars to \$2,500 a year, that is, seemed to these persons—nearly all of whom have much more—as the ideal sum for all reasonable human needs.

Gilbert Frankau quoted in his reply the statement of Mr. Micawber that the perfect income is £1 more than you spend. Walter Hackett declared the perfect income "the one which is always promising you a few luxuries and never quite giving you them." It is evident that the ideal income means just enough to free one from worry about money. It would not follow, therefore, that a very large sum would be necessary—Lady Duff Gordon's requirements of "a house in town, a cottage in the country, a good car, a holiday in Monte or elsewhere, with the needful accessories" means at once a deal of bother about living. Two houses—and a holiday from both of them; servants to manage them, mostly in their owner's absence. Life on \$30,000 a year becomes complicated; you buy what you absolutely must have to maintain your standard of living and find that it costs a few thousand more than you figured to do it.

There is no more idyllic life than that depicted by George Gissing in the "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." Gissing himself knew all the economic uncertainties of the literary hack in a large city; he longed all his life for security and peace, and though he never found them, he set down in "Henry Ryecroft" his idea of a little paradise: a small house in the country; a garden, a modest and retiring housekeeper, a few books, simple, good food, and a little competence to pay for it all. He wished for no family, no "recreation," no complicated machinery of living. This simple, monastic existence must occur to every man and woman at some time in life as the best way to live. In between whiles there are the infinitely varied exigencies of common life: children, schools, rent, illness, clothes, food, fire, play, and work. The trick is to make the proceeds from the last cover all the rest, and at the same time to keep the circle of desires from pressing too close upon the hard core of necessities. The balance between poverty—which is less than you actually need—and riches—which is more than you want—is a very delicate one. In general to have less is to want less, and, as a corollary, to need less. Given certain riches of the mind, the simple life is probably best. It would be interesting to find out how many persons would choose it if they might.

Two Years of Franklin Roosevelt

By ERNEST K. LINDLEY

FOR the first time in twelve years New York State is about to have a campaign in which Alfred E. Smith is not a candidate. Two years ago Franklin Delano Roosevelt was drafted as Democratic nominee for governor. Smith had bred no successor with any prospect of being elected. Smith's friends thought that Roosevelt, with his conspicuous qualifications as a Protestant and an anti-Tammany Democrat who had held an important post in the Wilson Administration and had been the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, would strengthen Smith's candidacy in the State and would act as an antidote throughout the country to the latter's Catholicism. He ran on the platform drafted by Smith, and the basic appeal of the campaign waged for him was the continuation of the excellent Smith administration and the safeguarding and consolidation of the Smith reforms.

That situation of 1928 seems strangely unrelated to this of 1930. Already one of the first of the potential Democratic nominees for President in 1932, Franklin Roosevelt is back in public life with the intention of staying as long as the electorate will accept him. And the record upon which he will stand or fall this November is indisputably his own.

In his extension and elaboration of the Smith program he has swerved perceptibly to the left. His speeches and messages consistently reveal a liberal attitude toward social and economic problems. Most people who talk with him, I believe, are convinced that he thinks political issues are much more than mere ammunition for campaigns and that the social order can be improved immensely by political action. No one can observe him, at the same time, without realizing that he is a staunch partisan, frankly diligent in strengthening the party organization, and that he enjoys immensely the game of "practical politics."

The chief items in his program having more than local interest are public development, operation, and transmission of the hydro-electric resources of the St. Lawrence River, drastic limitation of the profits of public utilities, and old-age pensions. Recently he added State unemployment insurance. As secondary items may be listed modernization of local government, reform of the administration of justice with the assistance of laymen, and prison reform, which he and the Republicans alike took up actively last winter after three serious riots in State prisons.

Cheaper electricity, especially for the householder and the farmer, through development of the St. Lawrence and the restoration of the State's regulatory power over public utilities, is the reform which he apparently intends to emphasize most in his campaign for reelection. He has not as yet presented any completely formulated plan of his own for solving the complex public-utility question. Last spring he supported his three liberal appointees to a commission to revise the State's public-service-commission law. Their basic proposal was the substitution of "prudent investment cost" for "reproduction cost" as the chief element in evaluating public-utility properties and the fixing of rates through compulsory contracts limiting earnings to the amount actually

required to attract capital. With this went the recommendation that the establishment of competing municipal and regional electrical plants be facilitated.

Wet Democrats, which means most Democrats in New York, have been concerned by his persistent silence upon the subject of prohibition. He was elected upon a wet platform and there is no doubt that the party platform this year will propose repeal or amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment. But he has evaded every effort to force a declaration of his own views, and many persons, especially those who knew Mrs. Roosevelt as an active dry before her husband became governor, think that he is a dry. Unkind critics attribute his silence to his Presidential ambitions. The only certainty in this enigma is that, so far, he has not wanted to be identified as the leader of either side in the prohibition controversy.

In attempting to translate his policies into action, Governor Roosevelt, like Governor Smith, has enjoyed the disadvantages and advantages of a Republican legislature. Almost without exception the Republican leaders of the legislature have an intense personal dislike for him, which they did not have for Al Smith, merciless as he was to them in the public arena. They accuse Mr. Roosevelt of trickiness. Much of this is, I think, because he harries them in small ways. Smith saved his blows for the big issues; many things were ironed out quietly in conferences in his office. There have been very few such conferences in the Roosevelt administration.

Some members of Governor Roosevelt's own party, it must be recorded, have been heard to complain that he is indecisive or fickle. I think his propensity for discoursing freely about what he wants to do before he has weighed all the practical considerations involved is partly responsible for this criticism. I have no doubt that in many instances visitors to his office have read unwarranted meaning into the singularly engaging Roosevelt smile. He is likely to use it even when he says "no." Once in a while he invites criticism by seemingly inordinate delay in taking action; to wit, his failure, until August, to name the membership of his water-power commission created in the spring with instructions to report next January 15.

Governor Roosevelt's first encounter with the legislature, in 1929, ended with little glory for either side. Its most important feature was a prolonged fight over the meaning in practice of the Executive Budget, a Smith reform effective for the first year, which finally went to the courts. The Governor's contention that the Republicans were attempting to nullify the Executive Budget was sustained later in the year by the decision of the Court of Appeals. The Republicans consoled themselves with the thought, probably correct, that the electorate had little interest in the whole affair. Apart from this controversy the session produced a series of "farm relief" measures, consisting mostly of a shift in taxation, accompanied by a two-cent gasoline tax, and of assumption by the State of various local expenditures. As soon as they realized that Governor Roosevelt was threatening to effect a coup d'etat by "relieving" the rural regions of the

State, the Republicans took up the idea with great fervor and competed furiously with him in devising bigger and better "farm relief."

The 1930 session was generally described as the most "fruitful" in many years. The Republicans made a gallant effort to throw off their accumulated reputation for Bourbonism, heaped upon them in years of unsuccessful resistance to Democratic reforms. They gave the Governor at least a little of everything he asked. They gave him complete freedom in the selection of a commission of five to work out a plan for development of the St. Lawrence power. The commission is instructed to investigate first State development and operation and, only if this is found impracticable, to consider "other plans." They introduced bills to renovate public-utility regulation, conservative in comparison to the Democratic proposals but radical enough to alarm the public utilities. Most of them were emasculated before reaching the Governor, but a few minor improvements survived.

Among the other products of the session were State pensions for needy persons more than 70 years old; an independent parole board, with a large staff of investigators, and a commission to study prison reform; a judicial reform commission including the laymen whom the Republicans had refused to allow on it the year before; most of organized labor's program, advocated for years by the Democrats; and approval of a \$50,000,000 bond issue for construction of hospitals and prisons, which the Republicans had refused the year before. (This must be approved by popular vote in November.)

How the electorate will allocate the credit for these accomplishments remains to be seen. Governor Roosevelt has continued to lash the Republicans for the pitiful inadequacy of their public utility and pension bills and to depict them relentlessly as unwilling and insincere converts to progressive legislation. Republican hopes of better treatment elsewhere were jolted late in August when William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, in an extraordinarily eulogistic letter, asked that Governor Roosevelt be reelected, giving his "personal inspiration and leadership" full credit for the new labor laws. "Labor has very seldom secured the enactment of so many measures which so favorably affect their economic, social, and industrial welfare during a single session of a legislative body," he wrote.

Governor Roosevelt inherited a smooth-running administration. He retained most of Governor Smith's department heads, including, against bitter protests from within his party, Colonel Frederick Stuart Greene, superintendent of public works, an independent Republican noted for his contempt for politicians. Governor Roosevelt did venture to suggest to Greene, I believe, that some of his subordinates in highway work were getting all their pick-and-shovel men through local Republican leaders and that he ought to take his department "out of politics" by making them hire some Democrats. Whether Greene took this advice or not, I do not know. There has been no noticeable abatement of the opposition to him.

Governor Roosevelt's own cabinet appointments, as vacancies have occurred, have been, with two exceptions, non-political and have been widely approved. Perhaps his most notable accomplishment was the conversion of the utility-minded majority of the Public Service Commission into a minority. Chairman William A. Prendergast, an avowed

champion of "reproduction cost," whose conduct of the commission had been under the fire of liberal groups for years, resigned after the Governor instructed him to "resist" higher telephone rates filed by the New York Telephone Company. The Governor appointed Milo R. Maltbie, an independent Democrat, who served on the original Hughes Public Service Commission, and who has since been an expert adviser to municipalities in rate cases. Under him the commission appears to be intent upon positive regulation of the utilities, in so far as present legislation and the decisions of the United States Supreme Court will permit.

Governor Roosevelt has no group of intimate advisers of the ability of Governor Smith's "kitchen cabinet." Exceptions must be made for Mrs. Roosevelt, concerning whose influence one can only guess, and Lieutenant Governor Lehman, a man of keen judgment and of an unusual social outlook. But neither is in a position to do the work that was done for Governor Smith by Belle Moskowitz, Robert Moses, Joseph M. Proskauer, and Bernard L. Shientag.

In the first months of the Roosevelt administration there was a scandal involving the Superintendent of Banks, an appointee of Governor Smith's whose term had not expired. During the ensuing summer and fall came a series of prison riots which inevitably led to charges of inefficiency against the Commissioner of Correction and, to a lesser extent, against the Department of Public Works. The Republicans held a prison investigation last winter, but found these two departments little more culpable than were the years of neglect and indifference by the Executive, the legislature, and the public. It is worthy of note that in the handling of both of these administrative troubles Colonel Lehman played a decisive part. As Acting Governor he ordered the Moreland Act investigation of the Banking Department which led to the conviction of Superintendent Warder for the acceptance of a bribe and to the resignation of a judge, and he directed the successful quelling of the most serious Auburn riot, when the mutinous convicts had the warden as a hostage.

When he became governor, Mr. Roosevelt announced that he was going to restore Democratic morale in up-State New York, especially in the small towns and rural districts which Smith left uncultivated. He has worked assiduously at that task—with his "farm relief," incessantly advertised by an efficient news bureau, with extensive personal tours, and with a considerable amount of petty patronage, including appointments to purely honorary posts on hospital boards.

The Governor's relations with Tammany Hall and with the other units of the Democratic organization in New York City cannot be defined simply. He took as his Secretary of the State Edward J. Flynn, Democratic leader of the Bronx, who had been and still is closer than any other of the city leaders to Al Smith. Of Smith himself he has seen little, especially since Tammany retired Smith and his friends to the sidelines by making John F. Curry its leader. Until very recently at least Governor Roosevelt has been on cordial terms with Curry and with John H. McCooey, Democratic boss of Brooklyn. Apparently they have been entirely satisfied with a reasonable share of appointments, mostly minor. In making these, and in filling temporary vacancies on the bench, he has usually taken the man recommended by the organization, but since the courts within the city began to come under fire he has become more wary. He made Curry withdraw one designee for appointment to the

Supreme Court and give him another one, selected by himself. In another case he made his choice and told Curry about it afterward. Both men were members of the organization, but not of the predominant faction. Both McCooey and Curry, especially the latter, have assisted in allaying factional disorders in the party up-State.

Unfortunately for Governor Roosevelt's peaceful enjoyment of this friendly, though not intimate, relationship, an increasing number of scandals in the administration and in the courts of New York City evoked a rising demand for investigation by the State. In its early stages this demand was largely a Republican effort to put the Governor in a hole by forcing him to choose between alienating Tammany Hall and being called subservient to it. The Republican legislature substantiated this interpretation by failing during the spring to undertake a legislative investigation—the customary method—of the conditions which they thought so shocking. Since then, whenever pinned down, they have confessed that they have no intention of undertaking their own investigation, though they would be only too glad to empower Governor Roosevelt to make one.

Additional revelations, especially those involving the magistrates' courts and charges that judicial appointments and nominations are bought and sold as in the days of Croker, coupled with the obviously feeble investigative efforts of the local officials, put a large body of independent opinion behind the demand for intervention by the State. A few weeks ago Governor Roosevelt suddenly ordered the Republican attorney general of the State to supersede District Attorney Crain of New York County in the case of Magistrate Ewald, in which Mrs. Ewald testified that she made an unsecured "loan" of \$10,000 to a Tammany district leader about the time her husband was appointed a magistrate. He also requested the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, and

they agreed, to investigate the magistrates' courts of Manhattan and the Bronx.

The scope of these inquiries is considerably less than the Republican agitators and many influential independent groups, including the City Bar Association, think is necessary. It is broad enough, however, to worry Tammany Hall, which, as far as one can discover, had no warning that Governor Roosevelt was about to intervene. It is too early, as this is written, to foresee how his action will affect his chances of reelection. Certainly he has made some enemies within the organization. The tendency to vent resentment against this intrusion upon election day will probably be stemmed by the Republican choice of Federal Attorney Charles H. Tuttle, who has unearthed most of the recent scandals, as their nominee for Governor. The prospect of a Republican governor in Albany is not appetizing to Tammany just now.

From all the controversy about him which will be summarized during the campaign, Governor Roosevelt has conclusively removed one factor: any fear that his physical handicap detracts from his efficiency and activity as a governor. The opposition naturally played upon this fear in 1928, attempting to depict him as a sort of invalid; and to a milder degree even some of his supporters had misgivings. He has proved himself not only a prodigious worker but one of the most mobile governors in the history of the State. In his arduous summer good-will tours of the State he has worn out his staff and newspaper correspondents, but not himself. The energy which he uses in propelling himself must be a drain on his large frame, but it is not revealed either in his health or in his temper. He was markedly fresher at the end of his second legislative session than at the end of his first. He has surmounted his handicap so handsomely that it can no longer be a feature in his campaign.

Revolt in Peru

By ARNOLD ROLLER

A MELODRAMA by no means rare in Latin-American politics marked the career of Augusto B. Leguia from beginning to end. More than fifty years ago he was an obscure sergeant in the Peruvian army, serving in the war against Chile. Part of his middle manhood was spent in performing the humble tasks of an insurance salesman. From 1909 to 1912 he served his first term as president of Peru. Then, pressed by enemies on all sides, he went into voluntary exile, working in the United States and England, heading or organizing Latin-American chambers of commerce or managing Latin-American export departments for large firms. In 1919, back in Peru once more, he led a revolt of the gendarmerie, seized absolute power, and wielded it with an iron hand until about a fortnight ago when two military cliques, operating in Lima and Arequipa, bowled him over. Today the dictator who crushed all opposition and had himself "reelected" so as to maintain his dictatorship for eleven consecutive years is jailed on the barren island of San Lorenzo in Callao harbor, where he confined his political foes.

The rise and fall of Leguia, picturesque as it may be, is

merely a surface manifestation of an intense social struggle, for Peru, like other Latin-American countries, is actually dominated by a handful of landowners resting on the backs of the Indian peasants who make up the bulk of the population. The feudal aristocracy furnishes Peru's diplomats, jurists, editors, and army officers who govern a mass sunk in poverty and ignorance and bitterly combat the opposition of the middle classes, the peasants, and the workers.

Within the landowning class and among the army officers there are mutually inimical cliques continually battling for power and prestige, for the money as well as the honor that goes with public office. For seven years after Leguia's first term as president there were repeated revolts and presidential changes. Leguia watched these conflicts from abroad and in them saw his opportunity. He returned to Lima and in 1919 succeeded in winning over the dissatisfied elements of various political parties. More important, he gained the support of the gendarmerie whose chiefs had been excluded from a share in the spoils obtained by army officers in previous rebellions. With the gendarmes behind him Leguia seized power eleven years ago. The change he

inaugurated might be characterized as a change from a permanently unstable rule of many warring factions of landed aristocrats and political and military chieftains to the rule of one strong dictator.

As so often happens in history, Leguia seized power under democratic slogans, appealing to the masses against the landowners. It was not long, however, before Leguia began to consolidate his own power by the usual means. Freedom of the press was entirely abolished; only newspapers supporting the dictatorship of Leguia could be published. All political parties opposing Leguia's will were suppressed. For the sake of appearances a parliament was maintained; only candidates designated in advance by Leguia could be "elected" to it. Peru's legal political activities centered in three "parties," the Constitutional Party, the Democratic Party, and the Democratic Reform Party; but the political and economic programs of these three parties were identical; their sole and common aim was to support Leguia, thus securing political jobs for their leaders. Through these jobs, and the graft involved in them, Leguia was able for a long time to unite the various warring factions of the landowners, the army officers, and the upper bourgeoisie. Graft increased with the influx of American millions, for Leguia obtained extensive loans from abroad, especially from the United States.

As in the case of other Latin-American countries, these loans became a means for American domination. Foreign investments in Peru are estimated at about \$400,000,000, of which about \$250,000,000 represents American capital and \$125,000,000 British capital. More than 70 per cent of Peru's total external debt is owed to the United States. The British own most of the railways; the Americans control the copper and vanadium mines and the oil fields.

There was another reason why Leguia was able for so long to unite hostile groups under his aegis and to maintain internal peace. The conflict between Chile and Peru over the unsettled question of Tacna and Arica made it easy to appeal to patriotism and to call for a united nation against the common foe and against the constant danger of war. Leguia's strength lay in the existence of the Tacna-Arica conflict; his weakness came with its solution last year by the United States. Arica was assigned to Chile; Tacna, which is insignificant economically and strategically, was assigned to Peru. This solution infuriated the Peruvian militarists and chauvinists who had hoped to obtain Arica as well as Tacna. They talked of "our Alsace-Lorraine," and looked askance at Leguia as one who had betrayed their interests. More than anything else, perhaps, the Tacna-Arica settlement weakened Leguia's influence in the army.

Leguia gave the chauvinists, as well as the liberals, another opening. In return for American loans he had to give American bankers "guaranties." These "guaranties" consisted of turning over important branches of Peru's administration to Americans. Thus Americans administered Peru's customs service; an American mission ran Peru's navy and aviation corps; an American mission, acting "on behalf" of the Peruvian government, administered tax collections; an American financial expert drew up Peru's budget; legislation involving the exploitation of oil fields and copper mines was drawn up to favor the foreign companies to the detriment of Peru's interests. Leguia's laws and the American tax collectors saw to it that foreign-controlled oil and mining

and American industries in general were almost entirely exempt from taxation. A concession of more than 500,000 hectares of oil lands was handed over to the Standard Oil Company. In short, Leguia's enemies had no difficulty in proving that he had sold Peru to the Americans. But they could not say so publicly. All opposition to Leguia's handing over the natural resources of Peru to American finance and placing the country under the imperialist control of the United States was crushed. Oppositionists were imprisoned without trial or deported to the barren island of San Lorenzo where hundreds of political prisoners of all shades of opinions, from reactionary army officers to communists and anarchists, were allowed to rot for years and to succumb to heat, thirst, and starvation.

Under such circumstances it was natural that among Leguia's most persistent opponents should be middle-class students and the workers. Until a few years ago the workers were mainly under anarchist and anarcho-syndicalist influence. Consequently they were averse to a direct political struggle against Leguia. They maintained that it was a waste of effort to replace one feudal or bourgeois regime with another. The university students, however, followed another line. They were members of the ruling classes, more directly interested in the immediate overthrow of a regime which they hoped to replace with their own leaders under different slogans. The Peruvian student movement, liberal and anti-clerical in its creed, was much like the student movements which have been active in recent years against the dictators of Cuba, Bolivia, and Chile.

In the Latin-American student movement Peruvian students have taken the lead. Haya de la Torre, a Peruvian student, was the organizer of a widespread Latin-American students' organization known as APRA (Association for American Revolution). In 1919, at the beginning of Leguia's dictatorship, Peruvian students took to the barricades in a struggle against the church, which had a profound effect on students in other Latin-American countries. Leguia leaned on the Catholic church not only because of its "spiritual" power over the masses but, more important, because it is probably the largest landowner in Peru. In order to cement his alliance with the clericals Leguia decided in 1919 "solemnly to dedicate Peru to the sacred heart of Jesus." This would have meant increasing the power of clericals and the Pope with corresponding changes in the constitution and emblems of Peru. The university students protested. They staged violent demonstrations in the streets of Lima, seized the university, and engaged in bloody clashes with the police and with monks who, concealed in the belfries of the churches, fired at students in the street. Student opposition compelled Leguia to abandon his intention of dedicating Peru to the sacred heart of Jesus; instead he dedicated it to the American bankers. ↗

This seemed less objectionable as long as gold kept flowing into Peru from the bank vaults of New York. But recently Peru, like most of the world, was caught in the grip of economic depression. The prices of cotton, sugar, wool, copper, and other exports in which Peru's ruling classes are interested declined sharply. Leguia was compelled to abolish export taxes totaling \$100,000 per month. The export taxes collected during the first half of this year were \$360,000 below the taxes collected during the first half of last year and \$400,000 below the budgetary estimate for 1930. The

total customs revenues collected during the first half of this year were \$1,400,000 below the total for the first half of last year. Though the copper mines are owned by Americans and constitute no direct contribution to Peruvian revenues, the copper slump on the world market resulted in the restriction of production and tremendous unemployment in Peruvian mines, thus rendering the general economic depression even more acute. Because of this crisis, loans recently authorized by the Peruvian parliament could not be raised abroad. The government faced the possibility of a deficit; the salaries of army officers were threatened, and the military, already disgruntled by the Tacna-Arica settlement, now had personal grievances against the dictator.

In this critical situation any revolt of the middle classes would inevitably have been supported by the oppressed and exploited peasants and workers. Nevertheless the peasants and workers played an inconspicuous role in the late coup which deposed Leguia. Peru has about 5,000,000 inhabitants. About 50 per cent of these are full-blooded Indians very few of whom understand Spanish. They are nearly all illiterate, and speak only Quetchua, the language of the Inca period. About one-third of Peru's population are mestizos; 4 per cent are Negroes, Chinese, and mixtures such as Negro-Indians, Chinese-Indians, and Negro-Chinese. About 13 per cent of the entire population claims to be white. It is these whites who govern Peru. At the bottom of the social scale are the Indians, 90 per cent of whom are peasants in various states of direct or indirect slavery to the landowners. The Indian peasants are kept in poverty, slavery, and ignorance by different systems of taxation and by a road conscription law which compels all Indians to work for two weeks every year at road labor without any compensation whatsoever. During these two weeks of road slavery the Indian peasants are even compelled to provide their own food. In addition to compulsory road labor, the Indian peasants are subject to compulsory military service as well as to a special kind of forced unpaid domestic service to the landlords for several weeks every year. They are forcibly recruited for this service by the local authorities, despite the fact that personal servitude (known in Peru and Bolivia as *pongeaje*) has been abolished by law. Another form of forced labor to which the Indian peasants are subject is the *yanaconazgo*, under which all the children of the tenants of big landowners are forced to give unpaid personal service and are forbidden to leave the landowner's district. Peasants working on the estates of the big landowners are usually paid in the products of the soil. The Indian almost never sees currency.

In some districts of Peru there still prevails the ancient *ayllus* or community lands of the Indians which they cultivate according to the system of family communism, either by distributing the products of common work or by allotting certain tracts to each family in the community. Under the latter system tracts of land are redistributed when the size of the family changes but in no case can the family sell or give away its tracts. However, these remnants of the *ayllus* are continually being expropriated by the church and by the big landowners.

The dark slavery under which he lives has embittered the Indian peasant against his exploiters. In 1914 more than 70,000 Indian peasants revolted under the leadership of a former Indian army sergeant who proclaimed himself the

new Inca. The rebellious peasants demanded the return of their lands and the reestablishment of the *ayllus*. The government in that year killed about 2,000 peasants and crushed the revolt. Despite this defeat the Indians organized the Federación Regional Indígena, which, under the leadership of Indiophile intellectuals, called a congress at Lima in 1924. This congress demanded the abolition of road conscription and of *pongeaje*, the reestablishment of the *ayllus*, and the opening of schools among the Indians. The government sent representatives to the congress and with that considered its duty fulfilled. Nothing was done to relieve the distress.

The struggle of the workers has been more persistent. Peru has had a small labor movement for more than forty years, mainly under the influence of Spanish anarchists who were the precursors of anarcho-syndicalism. About ten years ago communist groups were formed among the workers and there were a number of big strikes in the textile factories and copper mines with varying results. The textile workers, after a series of bloody strikes, succeeded in reducing the working day, which lasted from 6 o'clock in the morning until midnight, to eight hours. In 1919 the first nation-wide trade-union federation (the anarchist Federación Obrera Regional Peruana) was organized. It lasted until 1921 when it was replaced by the Federación Obrera Local de Lima, under communist and syndicalist influence.

Peru has about 19,000 organized workers, but there is no regularly published labor press. From time to time small sheets appear, published by anarchist groups or by revolutionary trade unions. These are promptly suppressed. For several years the outstanding revolutionary publication of Peru was *Amauta*, which is the Quetchua word for "dispenser of wisdom." This magazine, published by the brilliant Marxist writer José Carlos Mariategui, had a profound influence on Peruvian intellectuals and on Latin-American intellectuals in general. *Amauta* defended the interests of the Indian peasants and the workers, and expressed the ideas of the Spanish-American youth who desired to revive the Indian influence in art and thought. Mariategui, who called himself a Communist, also published a newspaper called *Labor* which was more directly concerned with the struggles of the working class. Both these publications were repeatedly suppressed. Leguia hampered the work of Mariategui and his fellow-intellectuals at every step. This year Mariategui prepared to go into voluntary exile, but died before he could leave Peru. With him died both of his publications.

Leguia's harsh repressive measures against the workers, peasants, and intellectuals intensified opposition in those quarters. The students were encouraged by the recent overthrow of the Siles dictatorship in Bolivia, and demonstrated against Leguia in the streets of Lima. These demonstrations were violently broken up. Many students were imprisoned on the rocky island of San Lorenzo. Such repressive measures, however, could not solve Peru's economic crisis. About a month ago Leguia was compelled to explain to parliament that Peru was facing acute financial difficulties. The budgets of 1929 and 1930 showed heavy deficits and there seemed to be no way of covering them by new loans or taxes. This announcement added to the student, peasant, and worker opposition the opposition of certain army officers and government officials who saw in the budget deficit the threat of receiving no pay.

The rest was inevitable, though the actual crash came with dramatic suddenness. On August 20 news came that the garrison of Arequipa in the south of Peru, the second largest city in the land, had revolted under the leadership of Lieutenant Colonel Luis Sanchez Cerro. The rebels arrested the prefect and civil officials serving Leguia and captured an American mercenary commanding Leguia's air forces whom they accuse of having attempted to bomb Arequipa. When news of the revolt reached Lima, army officers in the capital, hoping to profit by the uprising of the southern group, compelled Leguia to resign and took over the government. Until then the Lima officers had been among the staunchest supporters of Leguia. Their action following the Arequipa revolt can only be interpreted as an attempt to seize power over the head of Sanchez Cerro and continue Leguia's policies without Leguia. The Lima junta consisted almost exclusively of Leguia's friends. Meantime, however, the Arequipa group organized its own junta, and for a time there was danger of a conflict, even a civil war, between the military groups of Lima and Arequipa. Such a struggle was averted by the firm attitude of Sanchez Cerro who refused to recognize the Lima junta and compelled it to turn over the power to him. The revolt against Leguia was brief. Today the fallen dictator is held on San Lorenzo, and Sanchez Cerro controls the government. Leguia's parliament is dissolved. A number of his supporters have been arrested. Most of his diplomatic corps has been dismissed and replaced by new men.

Sanchez Cerro's military government enters power with the usual democratic slogans. It has promised constitutional liberties, free press, free assembly, and free elections. All political prisoners jailed by Leguia have been released. The junta has reestablished the autonomy of the university and the right of the students to choose their own professors, deans, and organizations. But such liberal professions are often only the prelude to fascist-military dictatorships. The liberal army revolt of 1925 in Chile culminated in the dictatorship of Ibañez. Leguia himself knew how to juggle liberal phrases at the beginning of his regime. Already the new military junta under Sanchez Cerro has indicated that no fundamental changes need be expected in Peru. A group of workers greeted Sanchez Cerro, demanding relief measures for the unemployed. The new ruler pleaded for time to reorganize the government and omitted all reference to the demand of the workers. On the other hand, he has announced that he would continue to maintain the bonds that unite Peru and the United States. Sanchez Cerro has outlined no program for the solution of Peru's fundamental problem; the Indian peasant has received no word of encouragement from the new regime regarding land, road construction, and personal servitude. The new clique of army officers, anxious, as it has announced, for Peru's national "integrity" (Tacna-Arica), has nothing to say to the mass of the Peruvian population, the oppressed peasants and workers.

Where Workmen's Compensation Fails

By HOWARD S. CULLMAN

THE adoption of workmen's compensation insurance in forty-four of our States has to a large extent made industry responsible for the care and remuneration of the injured. The theory which made the enactment of the laws possible was that the premiums charged were to be sufficient to pay for the adequate and impartial treatment of those covered by this insurance. There can be no denying the value of the protection thus offered to labor, but unfortunately in many of our States under the present status of these laws abuses have crept in which have greatly diminished their benefits. Legal machinery is necessarily slow whether in our industrial commissions or in our municipal, State, and federal courts. When such delays, however, mean loss of income for a protracted period, these agencies have to a large extent cooperated in speeding up the machinery so that the injured need not be penalized by undue delays.

The weakness of existing laws is due to the fact that corporations for gain have entered the field of writing workmen's compensation insurance and many have been more interested in balance sheets showing a profit than in patients showing the benefits of proper treatment. Under this kind of commercialization as practiced by some companies the best professional treatment is not encouraged, the public and not industry bears the burden of the major cost, and the injured are not fairly represented before the commission.

Let us take the case of Sam Jones, a New York City printer, who has broken his leg while working at a press. He is referred to the nearest hospital for care. There a sur-

geon gives him professional treatment, and he is afforded hospital bed care until he can walk. Irrespective of the excellence of the professional treatment or the reputation of the attending surgeon, he is then usually ordered by the insurance company to discontinue further treatment in that hospital and to report to a commercial clinic or to the clinic of the insurance company which has written his policy. After a course of treatment, this case comes before a referee of the industrial commission for adjustment. The main witness for the injured is the surgeon employed by the insurance company financially interested in the verdict.

Let us see how far this typical case goes astray from the intent of the law, which was designed for the protection of labor. To begin with, the hospital to which Jones was sent, if in New York City, receives from this insurance company a maximum of \$4.50 a day for his bed care. The average cost of this care in private hospitals, without considering interest on investment or depreciation, is over \$7 a day. Thus the institution is contributing \$2.50 a day for the treatment of Jones for the benefit of the insurance company's stockholders, and then it waits from three to six months or more to be reimbursed. The difference between what the private hospitals receive from the insurance companies and the actual cost amounts annually to millions of dollars. Insurance companies know this, and one prominent company has gone so far as to take to the Appellate Division of the State of New York the question of the right of a private hospital, supported by contributions, to charge for a

compensation case more than the charity-ward rate of \$3.50 a day.

Let us assume that Jones has received good professional care at the hospital from a reputable surgeon, who has not only become acquainted with the injured leg but who knows the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of the patient. On what basis was Jones transferred to a commercial or insurance clinic? Not for better treatment, but because the insurance company calculates that by employing its own surgeons and physicians by the week or making special arrangements with commercial clinics it can save money. While at the hospital the patient received care from physicians and surgeons connected with the institution because of their experience and clinical knowledge. It is doubtful whether the commercial clinics with their offers of a weekly or monthly salary can attract as high-class men as those who devote so much of their time to our leading hospitals. But to save a few dollars Jones is sent to the insurance company's clinic where the sequence of his treatment is interrupted and he becomes a new case. Finally Jones appears before the commission for a settlement of his claim. The medical testimony is offered by an employee of the insurance company financially interested in this adjustment. It is evident in this case (and there are hundreds of thousands of them) that the public, not the insurance company, pays the hospital deficit in the case of Jones, that the change in surgeons and in medical care is made for the benefit of the insurance company, and that Jones is denied the opportunity of having an impartial witness before the commission. Many of the leading physicians and surgeons refuse to handle compensation cases. As one of them told me: "I'll treat them free as charity patients, but I refuse to have insurance companies send sleek adjusters to my office to try to shave off my bills." The medical representative of a very important insurance company actually registered a complaint that a certain hospital kept fracture cases three-tenths of a day longer than other institutions handling similar work. When asked what their statistics showed as to the recoveries and results he admitted that his company did not keep this kind of statistics.

One of the largest and most prominent hospitals in the city of New York refuses to handle any compensation cases, because it does not care to ask for private contributions for the benefit of insurance company stockholders. The companies have been unwilling to pay this institution actual cost for the cases coming under their policies. Another private hospital whose work consists largely of compensation cases was compelled within the last month to close its doors, because of a large operating deficit incurred in handling these cases.

Workmen's compensation laws should be readjusted to insure:

1. The reimbursement to private and municipal hospitals of the cost of caring for workmen's compensation cases. If present premiums are insufficient they should be raised.
2. The encouragement of the best professional care of the patients.
3. The limitation of insurance company clinics affording treatment and professional care to cases where the recovery of the patient or the settlement of his claim are matters in which these companies have a profit-making interest.
4. The elimination of the adjuster who, by cutting

down hospital or professional charges, endeavors to make a better financial showing for his company.

5. The elimination of private and secret settlements with the injured, which usually deprive labor of its legal and full claim. These settlements are usually accepted by the injured because of his ignorance of his full rights.

6. The substitution of affidavits in place of the personal appearance of the physicians and surgeons before the industrial commission. Their time is too valuable to be wasted in non-professional activities.

A committee representing private hospitals in New York City has recently been formed which will endeavor to do away with many of the present existing abuses in the operation of the workmen's compensation law. This committee is at present getting first-hand information from the various hospitals. Conferences with representative medical and surgical societies, the State Department of Labor, and the insurance companies will follow.

Even under the present system, with its possibilities of abuse, several of our leading insurance companies have operated under the spirit of the law and have not taken advantage of the many technical evasions their competitors in this field have capitalized. The hospital committee believes that the number may be increased by definite recommendations based on definite findings, and by the cooperation of the medical profession and State agencies. Labor may then hope to receive the protection and care to which it is entitled under our workmen's compensation laws.

Segregation de Luxe

By GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS STEWARD

RACIAL segregation as it affects the American Negro has moved forward. From the successful establishment of a code fixing how and where he shall live, move, and have his being in the social and economic world, it now proceeds to regulate what he shall think and how he shall express himself artistically. This later movement receives most encouragement from a school of the Negro's well-wishers who maintain that he has a characteristic and valuable contribution to make to civilization. They contend that his history of African origins, slave experiences, latter-day struggle for bread and butter, barrel-house capers, and material advancement is found not only in tradition and documents but it is also subtly recorded—jungle life and all—in his very blood. From it are to be created forms that will reveal undreamed-of depths of feeling. This is the argument of those "friends" of the Negro who say he will yet give to the world a glorious spiritual gift. The result is to confine the artistic efforts of Negroes to something misnamed "Negro art." As he knows Negro life best, these friends assume that he knows that life only, despite his inevitable and intimate daily contact with all phases of American civilization. He therefore can and should express himself effectively only in terms of that knowledge.

This point of view colors nearly all critical estimates of Negro performance in music, literature, the theater, and the pictorial arts. When Roland Hayes includes in his program French, German, or Italian lyrics, his audience in amused surprise receives these numbers with moderate appreciation,

but reserves its enthusiasm for "He never said a mumblin' word." Were he to omit the "spirituals" just once, would not the critics lament that omission with such unanimity as to suggest that something significantly, perhaps indispensably, a part of his art had been abandoned? Would he not be advised to stick to the Negro melodies as the worth-while part of his work? And would it not be insinuated—of course, with charming phrase and suave compliment—that Negroes are only second rate in "Aida" but inimitable in "Go down Moses"? It is doubtful that any black concert singer, no matter how superbly gifted, could be successfully launched in America unless he catered to the standards set for him as a Negro artist. His talent is thought most luminous and gratifying when engaged with the "songs of his race."

Similarly, one suspects that all the wordy newspaper flubdub about Paul Robeson's Othello is not so much intended to show that a dusky Desdemona should receive his kisses as that Shakespeare is somewhat ambitious for a Negro. Now "Porgy" or "The Green Pastures" or "Hallelujah"—in these vivid and poignant portrayals of the naked emotions of pagan Negroes black performers reach the peak of sensational acclaim because such plays furnish the proper vehicles for their histrionic skill! The more pretentious musical revues staged by Negroes are frequently described as "white revues" with brown-skinned casts, although the lazy, shuffling comedian is always conceded to be all darky. As a stovepipe-hatted God Almighty, chewing a big cigar at a fish fry, Harrison is incomparable. As an ermine-robed Henry VIII, ruthlessly dispatching queen after queen, he would be imitating white actors, attempting a role beyond his ability, or a complete failure, according to the temperature of the particular reviewer's racial bias. Which is again to say that Negroes should portray only those characters they best delineate, the best always being decided for them by outsiders as "primitive" Negro characters.

In literature the same tendency to restrict Negroes to Negro life, and preferably the more sordid and disgusting phases of that life, is evident. Probably Carl Van Vechten with his "Nigger Heaven" set the standard. Julia Peterkin in "Black April" maintained it. Sundry Negro writers have accepted it and carry it on. Hence we have a torrential rush of the petty rascality and sexual promiscuity of Southern plantations, mills, and camps; the intrigues and erotic exploits of panders and perverts of modern urban life; and the knife and gun encounters of gin-crazed, crap-shooting nomads. This flood of literary scum should be rated as mere gutter wash by ordinary standards, but by those judging "Negro art" it is a highly significant outpouring.

But more disturbing still is the attitude which Negroes believe dominates the policy of the magazines and periodicals. It is thought that no editor will consider for publication the manuscript of a writer known to be a Negro unless that manuscript deals with a topic about Negroes, and the more nearly the manuscript presents them as buffoons and rakes the more likely is it to be accepted. Negroes ask why is it that the caricatures of the Octavus Roy Cohen variety are more readily printed than genuine fictional studies of Negro social life. Why does one never see in our magazines articles by individuals known to be Negroes dealing with any of America's larger human questions—say the tariff, farm relief, prohibition, power control, communism, civil liberty, unem-

ployment? Are not Negroes Americans? Must Negroes write only about Negroes to write acceptably? Certain it is that such Negro writings as have appeared in the more serious periodicals are about some aspect of the Negro's relation to American civilization. When these are caustic criticism of the Negro's foibles or raucously treat his manners they seem the more desirable. But to Negroes it is astounding and laughable that the popular periodicals print trash about low-living blacks which is accepted as perspicacious exposition of the Negro's interesting primitive emotions and habits of living.

Less effective thus far has been this limitation in the pictorial arts, but even here it is gaining strength. The critics approve outlandish sculptured ebony grotesques, praise a canvas depicting loutish river Negroes strumming banjos, and laud the bizarre drawing of black cabaret dancers locked in hip-revolving gymnastics. Philadelphia fears some calamitous result from the public exhibition of Salem's nude of Paul Robeson, yet at the Sesqui-Centennial was displayed a squatting effigy of a naked bulbous-hipped African matron. The refinement of execution of the work of many Negroes honestly seeking to reproduce the beauty and warmth they feel in the colors and forms of their own people remains almost unnoticed; while the attempt to fix in stone or paint any of nature's gorgeous offerings would probably be discouraged as quite beyond the Negro's capabilities, as likely to result in only a poor imitation of what whites do.

The Negro feels a pressure tending to bar him from the field of art as such and to confine him to what is coming to be known as "Negro art." Even here there is a further pressure to compel him to set forth what so naively is dubbed "the primitive," which in the more expressive vulgar phrase means "the low down." As a result a false picture of Negro life is presented or at best one that is only partially true. The segment of life shown in the short stories, novels, movies is itself usually real and the exhibition broadly true. But that segment is not all of Negro life. That life is not one long, care-free, roving debauch. Too often it is tragic futility of the most desperate sort. Occasionally it is brilliant triumph over apparently insurmountable obstacles. And these struggles, as well as the light-hearted doings of an irresponsible migratory John Henry, must also be in the picture if a complete image of the Negro's life in America is to be reflected.

The artistic limitations put upon Negroes are not imposed entirely by whites. The cult has many ardent Negro devotees. The advocates of race consciousness and all the champions of the New Negro are its most effective propagandists. Certain beneficiaries of philanthropy constrained by the weight of largesse to favor all racial separatist movements or to remain discreetly silent about them are a further help. A Midwestern girl who had been deeply moved by the singing of a Fisk University quartet was revealing to a charming Virginia belle her reaction. Only superlatives could express her admiration. "Yes," drawled the Virginian, "but you could shut your eyes and tell they were darkies." And that seems to be the desideratum. Even with her eyes closed America must always be able to tell that they are darkies. Perhaps that is why Henry Tanner remains in France and Roland Hayes is returning there to live.

In the Driftway

THE Ministry of Transport in Great Britain has issued a new traffic regulation which provides that no person in control of any vehicle "shall permit it to be in any street within the London traffic area in such a condition that it breaks down." Now the Drifter is a law-abiding creature—perhaps it would be better to say that he follows the advice given to the hero in W. Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage": "Do what you please, keeping in mind the policeman around the corner." But he admits that if he were the owner of a second-hand car in London—or, to entertain an extreme possibility, even a first-hand one—he would feel impelled to take it out of London by the shortest route and leave it. For among the few uncomplicated beliefs which the Drifter maintains after a long and stormy career is one to the effect that any car is likely to break down at any moment. Add to this the fact that he has a fear of traffic cops amounting to phobia and it will readily be seen that the driver's seat of a car in the London traffic area is now, more than ever, no place for the timid Drifter.

BECAUSE of the foregoing facts, fancies, and phobias the Drifter finds himself in agreement with the official of the Automobile Association in London, who, after saying that the regulations were no doubt intended to "weed out the really old cars which appear at Bank Holiday times" went on to point out that

One never knows when a car is going to break down. Even a new car straight from the factory is liable to all sorts of minor defects which are not apparent until the car is actually on the road. The chances with a second-hand car are even more slender, and one which is well looked after might easily break a front spring in traffic. No one can foresee such an accident, and the car is not a "crock." Half the things that happen to a car are unexpected, and though the regulation is probably designed for cars which are in bad condition, some unsuspecting motorists will probably be caught.

The reporter who interviewed the official of the Automobile Association went on to make inquiries concerning the ultimate fate of "crops." The head of a large "car-breaking firm" said that he was responsible for the disposal of several hundred a year.

A good price for a ten-year-old car [he said] is ten pounds. And when the tax is often between ten pounds and twenty pounds few people want to run a vehicle even though it may have several years of life. We pick out the best cars and strip off the touring body. A van top is fitted, and the vehicles are sold cheaply to tradesmen.

That disposes of the best ones. But what about the worst ones? The *Manchester Guardian*, commenting on the new regulation, is concerned with the ethics of it.

Are we to see the halt and the maimed pushing their painful way into Watford or St. Albans in order to avoid the high crime and misdemeanor of "conking out" within the sacred precincts of the London traffic area? This does not

seem to be the kind of compliment that will be appreciated by more or less humble neighbors.

It goes on to suggest that London

... should organize a new sort of plague cart which might go around the suspect mews and garages to the old cry of "Bring out your dead!" The crops might then be collected and sunk far out at sea.

APPARENTLY the problem of old cars in England is as far from solution as it is in the United States. And the problem is becoming increasingly serious if only from the aesthetic point of view. The Drifter for one wishes Somebody Would Do Something About It before his beloved countryside is entirely obscured by the remains of the discards in that exciting game of keeping up with the Joneses. In one New Jersey town, it is rumored, an ordinance is under consideration which would authorize the town fathers to seize cars that were adjudged unfit for traffic. It should add spice to the life of the motorist to know that at any moment his car might be taken from under him. But again nothing is said about the final disposal of the condemned cars. Sinking them in the ocean is a good idea for Eng'land where the ocean is never far off. It is practicable also for the outside edges of the United States. But how about the crippled "crops" in those States that have no seacoast?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Logical Conclusions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of the issue of September 3 under the caption Government and Business, by Oswald Garrison Villard, it is pointed out very clearly that the system we are living under is wasteful and that in a crisis, when it was considered necessary to send our boys over to Europe to kill, the business of production and transportation had to be taken out of the hands of private individuals and that society or the government had to carry it on without regard to private ownership. Yet today, when we have over two million men who cannot find employment, why does not Mr. Villard advocate society taking over the natural resources of the country in order that we may have a system in which it would not be necessary for any man who wants to work to be out of employment? Why does not Mr. Villard carry out his reasonings to their logical conclusion?

Providence, August 29

ERNEST SHERWOOD

Schnitzler vs. Sumner

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to take an exception to your editorial on John S. Sumner versus Simon and Schuster's republication of Schnitzler's "Casanova's Homecoming." So many writers who have no Bradstreet standing have been persecuted without comment that it seems quite in place to subject a powerful firm to the same kind of "base interference." If not squashed it will be at least interesting as a duel on equal terms. Nobody be-

but reserves its enthusiasm for "He never said a mumblin' word." Were he to omit the "spirituals" just once, would not the critics lament that omission with such unanimity as to suggest that something significantly, perhaps indispensably, a part of his art had been abandoned? Would he not be advised to stick to the Negro melodies as the worth-while part of his work? And would it not be insinuated—of course, with charming phrase and suave compliment—that Negroes are only second rate in "Aïda" but inimitable in "Go down Moses"? It is doubtful that any black concert singer, no matter how superbly gifted, could be successfully launched in America unless he catered to the standards set for him as a Negro artist. His talent is thought most luminous and gratifying when engaged with the "songs of his race."

Similarly, one suspects that all the wordy newspaper flubdub about Paul Robeson's Othello is not so much intended to show that a dusky Desdemona should receive his kisses as that Shakespeare is somewhat ambitious for a Negro. Now "Porgy" or "The Green Pastures" or "Hallelujah"—in these vivid and poignant portrayals of the naked emotions of pagan Negroes black performers reach the peak of sensational acclaim because such plays furnish the proper vehicles for their histrionic skill! The more pretentious musical revues staged by Negroes are frequently described as "white revues" with brown-skinned casts, although the lazy, shuffling comedian is always conceded to be all darky. As a stovepipe-hatted God Almighty, chewing a big cigar at a fish fry, Harrison is incomparable. As an ermine-robed Henry VIII, ruthlessly dispatching queen after queen, he would be imitating white actors, attempting a role beyond his ability, or a complete failure, according to the temperature of the particular reviewer's racial bias. Which is again to say that Negroes should portray only those characters they best delineate, the best always being decided for them by outsiders as "primitive" Negro characters.

In literature the same tendency to restrict Negroes to Negro life, and preferably the more sordid and disgusting phases of that life, is evident. Probably Carl Van Vechten with his "Nigger Heaven" set the standard. Julia Peterkin in "Black April" maintained it. Sundry Negro writers have accepted it and carry it on. Hence we have a torrential rush of the petty rascality and sexual promiscuity of Southern plantations, mills, and camps; the intrigues and erotic exploits of panders and perverts of modern urban life; and the knife and gun encounters of gin-crazed, crap-shooting nomads. This flood of literary scum should be rated as mere gutter wash by ordinary standards, but by those judging "Negro art" it is a highly significant outpouring.

But more disturbing still is the attitude which Negroes believe dominates the policy of the magazines and periodicals. It is thought that no editor will consider for publication the manuscript of a writer known to be a Negro unless that manuscript deals with a topic about Negroes, and the more nearly the manuscript presents them as buffoons and rakes the more likely is it to be accepted. Negroes ask why is it that the caricatures of the Octavius Roy Cohen variety are more readily printed than genuine fictional studies of Negro social life. Why does one never see in our magazines articles by individuals known to be Negroes dealing with any of America's larger human questions—say the tariff, farm relief, prohibition, power control, communism, civil liberty, unem-

ployment? Are not Negroes Americans? Must Negroes write only about Negroes to write acceptably? Certain it is that such Negro writings as have appeared in the more serious periodicals are about some aspect of the Negro's relation to American civilization. When these are caustic criticisms of the Negro's foibles or raucously treat his manners they seem the more desirable. But to Negroes it is astounding and laughable that the popular periodicals print trash about low-living blacks which is accepted as perspicacious exposition of the Negro's interesting primitive emotions and habits of living.

Less effective thus far has been this limitation in the pictorial arts, but even here it is gaining strength. The critics approve outlandish sculptured ebony grotesques, praise a canvas depicting loutish river Negroes strumming banjos, and laud the bizarre drawing of black cabaret dancers locked in hip-revolving gymnastics. Philadelphia fears some calamitous result from the public exhibition of Salemme's nude of Paul Robeson, yet at the Sesqui-Centennial was displayed a squatting effigy of a naked bulbous-hipped African matron. The refinement of execution of the work of many Negroes honestly seeking to reproduce the beauty and warmth they feel in the colors and forms of their own people remains almost unnoticed; while the attempt to fix in stone or paint any of nature's gorgeous offerings would probably be discouraged as quite beyond the Negro's capabilities, as likely to result in only a poor imitation of what whites do.

The Negro feels a pressure tending to bar him from the field of art as such and to confine him to what is coming to be known as "Negro art." Even here there is a further pressure to compel him to set forth what so naively is dubbed "the primitive," which in the more expressive vulgar phrase means "the low down." As a result a false picture of Negro life is presented or at best one that is only partially true. The segment of life shown in the short stories, novels, movies is itself usually real and the exhibition broadly true. But that segment is not all of Negro life. That life is not one long, care-free, roving debauch. Too often it is tragic futility of the most desperate sort. Occasionally it is brilliant triumph over apparently insurmountable obstacles. And these struggles, as well as the light-hearted doings of an irresponsible migratory John Henry, must also be in the picture if a complete image of the Negro's life in America is to be reflected.

The artistic limitations put upon Negroes are not imposed entirely by whites. The cult has many ardent Negro devotees. The advocates of race consciousness and all the champions of the New Negro are its most effective propagandists. Certain beneficiaries of philanthropy constrained by the weight of largesse to favor all racial separatist movements or to remain discreetly silent about them are a further help. A Midwestern girl who had been deeply moved by the singing of a Fisk University quartet was revealing to a charming Virginia belle her reaction. Only superlatives could express her admiration. "Yes," drawled the Virginian, "but you could shut your eyes and tell they were darkies." And that seems to be the desideratum. Even with her eyes closed America must always be able to tell that they are darkies. Perhaps that is why Henry Tanner remains in France and Roland Hayes is returning there to live.

In the Driftway

THE Ministry of Transport in Great Britain has issued a new traffic regulation which provides that no person in control of any vehicle "shall permit it to be in any street within the London traffic area in such condition that it breaks down." Now the Drifter is a law-abiding creature—perhaps it would be better to say that he follows the advice given to the hero in W. Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage": "Do what you please, keeping in mind the policeman around the corner." But he admits that if he were the owner of a second-hand car in London—or, to entertain an extreme possibility, even a first-hand one—he would feel impelled to take it out of London by the shortest route and leave it. For among the few uncomplicated beliefs which the Drifter maintains after a long and stormy career is one to the effect that any car is likely to break down at any moment. Add to this the fact that he has a fear of traffic cops amounting to phobia and it will readily be seen that the driver's seat of a car in the London traffic area is now, more than ever, no place for the timid Drifter.

BECAUSE of the foregoing facts, fancies, and phobias the Drifter finds himself in agreement with the official of the Automobile Association in London, who, after saying that the regulations were no doubt intended to "weed out the really old cars which appear at Bank Holiday times" went on to point out that

One never knows when a car is going to break down. Even a new car straight from the factory is liable to all sorts of minor defects which are not apparent until the car is actually on the road. The chances with a second-hand car are even more slender, and one which is well looked after might easily break a front spring in traffic. No one can foresee such an accident, and the car is not a "crock." Half the things that happen to a car are unexpected, and though the regulation is probably designed for cars which are in bad condition, some unsuspecting motorists will probably be caught.

The reporter who interviewed the official of the Automobile Association went on to make inquiries concerning the ultimate fate of "crops." The head of a large "car-breaking firm" said that he was responsible for the disposal of several hundred a year.

A good price for a ten-year-old car [he said] is ten pounds. And when the tax is often between ten pounds and twenty pounds few people want to run a vehicle even though it may have several years of life. We pick out the best cars and strip off the touring body. A van top is fitted, and the vehicles are sold cheaply to tradesmen.

That disposes of the best ones. But what about the worst ones? The *Manchester Guardian*, commenting on the new regulation, is concerned with the ethics of it.

Are we to see the halt and the maimed pushing their painful way into Watford or St. Albans in order to avoid the high crime and misdemeanor of "conking out" within the sacred precincts of the London traffic area? This does not

seem to be the kind of compliment that will be appreciated by more or less humble neighbors.

It goes on to suggest that London

... should organize a new sort of plague cart which might go around the suspect mews and garages to the old cry of "Bring out your dead!" The crops might then be collected and sunk far out at sea.

APPARENTLY the problem of old cars in England is as far from solution as it is in the United States. And the problem is becoming increasingly serious if only from the aesthetic point of view. The Drifter for one wishes Somebody Would Do Something About It before his beloved countryside is entirely obscured by the remains of the discards in that exciting game of keeping up with the Joneses. In one New Jersey town, it is rumored, an ordinance is under consideration which would authorize the town fathers to seize cars that were adjudged unfit for traffic. It should add spice to the life of the motorist to know that at any moment his car might be taken from under him. But again nothing is said about the final disposal of the condemned cars. Sinking them in the ocean is a good idea for England where the ocean is never far off. It is practicable also for the outside edges of the United States. But how about the crippled "crops" in those States that have no seacoast?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Logical Conclusions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial of the issue of September 3 under the caption Government and Business, by Oswald Garrison Villard, it is pointed out very clearly that the system we are living under is wasteful and that in a crisis, when it was considered necessary to send our boys over to Europe to kill, the business of production and transportation had to be taken out of the hands of private individuals and that society or the government had to carry it on without regard to private ownership. Yet today, when we have over two million men who cannot find employment, why does not Mr. Villard advocate society taking over the natural resources of the country in order that we may have a system in which it would not be necessary for any man who wants to work to be out of employment? Why does not Mr. Villard carry out his reasonings to their logical conclusion?

Providence, August 29

ERNEST SHERWOOD

Schnitzler vs. Sumner

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to take an exception to your editorial on John S. Sumner versus Simon and Schuster's republication of Schnitzler's "Casanova's Homecoming." So many writers who have no Bradstreet standing have been persecuted without comment that it seems quite in place to subject a powerful firm to the same kind of "base interference." If not squashed it will be at least interesting as a duel on equal terms. Nobody be-

believing in inspirational literature will deny the vigor and beauty of Schnitzler's style, his magnificent mood of eroticism, applied however to indifferent ends. The book is only slightly sensational by comparison with the vast amount of Casanova literature of recent days; the main event of the story is highly improbable and at war with all finer impulses of sex freedom. A girl in love who can mistake an old man for a young paramour must be a sex moron. Symbolizing apparently without the author's knowledge the ignorance, false sentimentality, and physical apathy of modern feminism she is made to triumph as it were over the ever young passion of Casanova, who to many still represents adventure and romance, audacity and chivalry. To represent Casanova as "a horrible old man revolting in his personality and his acts" is almost as puritanical as is the official attitude of Mr. John S. Sumner.

Tujunga, Cal., August 30 SADAKICHI HARTMANN

Down with Tariff Reform!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent editorial *The Nation* spoke favorably of that ancient but not honorable culprit, tariff reform. Tariff reform is a meaningless term. It is used in advocacy of tariffs where none exists, and in modification of robbery by tariffs instead of its abolition. Whenever tariff reform has been introduced in Congress, as by President Cleveland, it has resulted in higher tariff duties. This experience is inevitable. The protective tariff thrives upon tariff reform. Compromise with wrong always involves a low aim. William Lloyd Garrison never advocated slavery reform!

Wichita, Kansas, August 29 HENRY WARE ALLEN

John Randolph Neal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For several months I have been gathering material, preparatory to writing a biography of John Randolph Neal, the Tennessee liberal. If any of your readers can supply me with any information concerning this lovable character, I will be indeed pleased to receive it. Anything sent will be carefully cared for and promptly returned.

Mt. Sterling, Ky., August 30 FRANKLIN REYNOLDS

The Essence of Zionism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. William Zukerman's article entitled *The Jews—a Nation Trapped*, which appeared in *The Nation* for August 20, elicits the following remarks.

I do not take issue with Mr. Zukerman's economic analysis. That in itself is a masterful probing of the present economic situation of East European Jewry. But such presentations, because of their dogmatic and one-sided stand, rule out the existence of other than economic motives from which the theory of Zionism springs. It seems to have become the fashion these days, for even those few liberal organs which go so far as to violate their liberal dogma by viewing Zionism at all in a favorable light, to dwell solely upon the economic aspect of this complex movement as if no other force were responsible for its being.

Using Mr. Zukerman's remarks then, as a point of departure, I put the following questions to the readers of *The*

Nation in the hope that their logical answers may reveal those other causes for the existence of Zionism which up to now have apparently been disregarded by, or perhaps not known to, the liberals of the United States.

First, if, as Mr. Zukerman says, Zionism has evoked a response in the modern Jewish youth, only because it brings to him the hope of agricultural colonization, the means of settling upon the soil—any soil would do, implies Mr. Zukerman—and turning his back upon despised middle-class occupations—a possibility only in Palestine and Soviet Russia—why, then, have the Soviets in their humanitarian efforts to settle Jews upon the soil found it necessary to imprison and exile thousands of young Zionists, whose only sin was to prefer the barren Palestinian soil to the fertile Russian plains as the scene for the fruition of their "agricultural" longings? Was it their contempt for middle-class pursuits alone which impelled these young men and women to accept imprisonment and exile rather than settle on Russian soil? Is not the prison a rather unproductive place in which to realize their "ideals for productive and pioneer work"?

Second, admittedly none of the economic forces operating against the Jews in Eastern and Western Europe are present on the American scene. Were Mr. Zukerman justified in his thesis, could he account for the rise of Zionist youth movements in the United States, particularly among those classes who find vast fields open to them here, not only in agriculture but in every other productive and constructive field? What forces have moved young American Zionists to leave comfortable homes, universities, and careers which hold out prospects for material gain—to leave all this for some communal colony in the malarial marshes of Palestine where one may expect not a fat pay check at the end of the week's labor, but only an extra course, of meat, perhaps, which makes the Sabbath meal different from the daily diet of tea and vegetables. And who are the people in the vanguard of this movement? Those very individuals who only recently escaped into America from the hell-holes of Europe described by Mr. Zukerman. Why are they anxious to go to Palestine, to the same hardships of the flesh from which they fled in Europe? Economic salvation? But they had already found that here.

For my third point, I choose the most glaring misstatement in the article; a point where the writer leans too far backward. He states that had unrestricted immigration prevailed, "the world would have heard very little of Zionism. . . ." If this were true, how would the writer explain the apparent inconsistency which led these very East-European Jews long before the war, suffering from pogroms, massacres, conditions in themselves as terrible if not worse than the economic oppression of today, to reject categorically the unqualified offer by England of Uganda, a territory the size of Palestine, in favor of Zion? And following the war, what had made them reject the offers, spoken and unspoken, of possibilities for colonization in places other than Palestine? Here was a solution for the economic predicament of large sections of Jewry. Yet were these realities rejected in favor of an idea. Why? Why did the greatest Jewish philosopher of modern times, Achad Ha Am, himself a product of East Europe, cry out from the midst of Kishinev pogroms against Uganda even though it might have absorbed most of East European Jewry and not merely two or three millions that could find room in Palestine?

It is true that a section of the Zionist ranks adhere to Zionism because of the economic solution for part of the Jewish problem. But the economics of Zionism is only a part—and not the major part—of the whole theory. It is this failure to view Zionism in its entirety which is responsible for the hostile attitude, which has developed since the riots of last August, of liberal America toward Zionism.

New York, August 25

ISAAC IMBER

Books, Drama, Films

Last Instructions

By VIRGINIA MOORE

When I am dead, and ashes in your hand,
In a mild Virginia meadow take your stand,
And pause a moment, thinking of the past,
Those rare road-walking days that couldn't last.

Think, "This was her body that swung along with me,
The same road, the same violets, the very locust tree."
Think, "God she loved and the witnesses of God
And in especial this Virginia sod.
Here we walked together, the wind whirled
As on the first bright morning of the world.
Hungry, tired, and tremblingly in love,
And something sang, I think a brown wood-dove."

These thoughts will pass like summer. Pause no more.
I shall be there as happy as before,
I shall be there to watch you turn aside
Remembering. Then fling the ashes wide.

The Neurosis of Civilization

Civilization and Its Discontents. By Sigmund Freud. Authorized Translation by Joan Riviere. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.25.

A NEW volume by the most influential thinker of our time (next to Einstein) is certain to be an event; and its broad subject makes the present essay particularly noteworthy. The book is written for the most part with remarkable lucidity, and we are indebted to the translator for carrying the original over into an English prose highly attractive on its own account.

Suggestive and shrewd as it is in its detailed discussions, however, the essay lacks a certain structural clarity. It frequently misleads the reader regarding the direction of its argument, and it would be difficult to summarize its winding course and numerous subordinate discussions. Freud begins with the assertion that life as we find it is too hard for us, and that we are driven to various palliative remedies, principally three: (1) powerful diversions of interest, such as science and "cultivating our gardens," which lead us to care little about our misery; (2) substitutive gratifications, which lessen it, such as art offers, "illusions in contrast to reality"; and (3) intoxicating substances, which make us insensitive to it. After indicating the limitations of these and other methods for achieving happiness, Freud concludes that its attainment is a sheer impossibility; the whole constitution of things runs counter to it:

Suffering comes from three quarters: from our own body, which is destined to decay and dissolution, and cannot even dispense with anxiety and pain as danger signals; from the outer world, which can rage against us with the most powerful and pitiless forces of destruction; and finally from our relations with other men. The unhappiness which has this last origin we find perhaps more painful than any other.

Yet though our goal of happiness remains unattainable, we cannot give up the effort to come nearer to realization of it. This struggle we must make both as individuals and collec-

tively. The collective struggle results in the growth of civilization and culture. Rejecting such vague teleological concepts as "progress," Freud proceeds to analyze the elements of which civilization is composed. The most important consist of all the activities and possessions which men use to make the earth serviceable to them, to protect them against the tyranny of natural forces, and so on. In the last generations man has established his dominion over nature in a way never before imagined. But men are beginning to perceive that all this newly won power has not made them feel any happier. This, according to Freud, is no ground for inferring that technical progress is worthless from the standpoint of happiness; the valid conclusion is merely that power over nature is not the only condition of human happiness, just as it is not the only goal of civilization's efforts.

Considering in turn the place in culture of beauty, cleanliness, order, and the value set upon the higher mental activities, Freud arrives finally at a consideration of the ways in which social relations are regulated. This involves the setting up of law, or "right," against "brute force," or, in other words, the use of the strength of the mass to curb the strength of any single individual. From a wider viewpoint, civilization is built upon the renunciation by individuals of instinctive gratifications, and the privations this involves are the cause of the antagonism against which all civilization has to fight. As one might expect, Freud attaches high importance to the sexual privations, but in this volume his chief emphasis is on the all but universal instincts of aggression and destruction. In addition to the instinct of self-preservation, he concludes that there must exist an opposing "death instinct," from which the instinct of aggression is derived. It is this instinct of aggression that constitutes the most powerful obstacle to culture, and even threatens its destruction:

Men have brought their powers of subduing the forces of nature to such a pitch that by using them they could now very easily exterminate one another to the last man. They know this—hence arises a great part of their current unrest, their dejection, their mood of apprehension.

In this situation Freud does not pretend to have any facile solution or consolation to offer; indeed, he thinks we may yet have to accustom ourselves to the idea that "there are certain difficulties inherent in the very nature of culture which will not yield to any efforts at reform."

He concludes with an elaborate analysis of the moral conscience. In the child, conscience can best be designated the dread of losing love—usually of the father and mother. In the adult this process is more complicated: conscience becomes a part of the ego that distinguishes itself from the rest as a "super-ego," and "exercises the same propensity to harsh aggressiveness against the ego that the ego would have liked to enjoy against others. The tension between the strict super-ego and the subordinate ego we call the sense of guilt." Freud dilates upon this because he wishes "to represent the sense of guilt as the most important problem in the evolution of culture, and to convey that the price of progress in civilization is paid in forfeiting happiness through the heightening of the sense of guilt."

I do not find this part of his essay very convincing. I see no evidence, for example, that the sense of guilt has increased as civilization has progressed; there is even reason for believing the contrary. Has the sense of guilt increased since the Victorian age? Since the days of the medieval saints? Is it established that primitive man, when he violated a tribal taboo, felt less guilt than modern man when he violates one of our own taboos? The representation of the conscience as a super-ego tyrannizing over the ego strikes me as equally dubious. It is all very well to speak this way if one is frankly using a

metaphor; indeed, I suspect that it is his ingratiating use of just such metaphors that accounts for Freud's deep appeal to many minds. He makes the life of the soul seem vivid to them; he dramatizes it memorably. But metaphors are not science, and satisfaction with them may delay real investigation. I do not see why the whole personality need be split in two in order to explain "conscience," or why we must invent an entity ("an agency or institution in the mind," as Freud calls the "super-ego") to describe a process. Nor does it seem necessary, again, to create a special "death instinct" to account for the facts Mr. Freud presents. This weakness for solution by gratuitous assumption, for inventing names and calling them explanations, is certainly not unfamiliar to Mr. Freud's readers; and he is capable here, as in previous volumes, of some appallingly fantastic reasoning (see his footnote, for example, on page 51). Yet if Mr. Freud's is not a thoroughly trustworthy mind, it is none the less, one need hardly add, an immensely interesting one, and surely one of the most seminal of our era. "Civilization and Its Discontents," in spite of its few vagaries, must be set down an impressive and absorbing contribution to the great problem of happiness under our civilization.

HENRY HAZLITT

More Thunder from Mr. Ludwig

Three Titans. By Emil Ludwig. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

MR. LUDWIG'S title alone presupposes an heroic elevation for his perspective on the lives of three whose accomplishment was considerable, but it still remains an open question whether biography written in haste is worth a too leisurely perusal.

This is not to question the validity of Mr. Ludwig's work as a whole. He has "set up shop" on the past somewhat as a modern journalist sets up shop on the present, and the result, occasionally shoddy, is seldom without its good points. He is often very informative. The fact that he is equally often tedious is due less to his preoccupation with facts and figures than to a certain tepidness in the spring-waters of his inspiration. His industry is not merely amazing; it is appalling. And within the limitations of his own method he is sometimes an excellent craftsman.

His volumes are robust enough. They bob to the surface every publishing season like corks on a rapidly moving stream. Often they have to be reduced before they can be presented in America, since in Germany people can still draw in a good deep breath and hold it for a long time. In brief, Mr. Ludwig has made a stock-in-trade of the past, and sales' figures alone would indicate that he has made a very good thing of it. How accurate or thoughtful a thing he has made is open to question.

It is true, moreover, that more nonsense has been written about art and artists than about any other subject in the world, including electrons, ectoplasm, and psychoanalysis, and that a good half of it is made in Germany. But Mr. Ludwig's preoccupation with daemonic urges and fires of genius is only one-half of the story. He is equally warm and at home by the firesides of Napoleon, Bismarck, Abraham Lincoln, Goethe, and Jesus Christ. It is almost as if Mr. Ludwig had reworded the claim of a slightly cynical monarch: "L'histoire—c'est moi." But that is beside the point, since any writer can pick what he chooses. The past is open to all just as the future is open to the prophets.

Hence to deny Mr. Ludwig the virtue of his accomplishments on the score of his garrulity is quibbling of the meanest sort. He has a keen scent for facts and evidence, and is able to present them, to arrange and mass them as frames for his rather heavy portraits. It is only where the factual evi-

dence is thin, where the testimony is open to misinterpretation, where haste is not compatible with quality, where legend cannot be disentangled from actuality that he is likely to slip from the dry ground of his narratives into the morass of generalizations. "Three Titans" gives eloquent testimony to this, since three-fourths of it is rather meaningless vaporizing.

Presumably, if one were to take the book at preface value, a very deep urge toward consistency would be implied. For Mr. Ludwig has linked his Michelangelo, his Rembrandt, and his Beethoven by the foot to the same metaphysical formula:

Anyone who has ever seen the Fettered Slaves in the Louvre, or the Prophets in the corners of the Sistine ceiling, will be reminded of them. Promethean emotions when he listens to the Ninth Symphony or one of Beethoven's last quartets. The fire infused by Michelangelo into the attitude of Moses has its analogue in the rebellious mood of the "Egmont" overture, and the melancholy of the earth-bound form sobs from many a great Adagio of Beethoven's.

Precisely—but let us see to what this leads in the case, for example, of Beethoven's un-Promethean habit of dousing his head in cold water:

The habit, equally the result of genius and of character, had terrible consequences in time to come. . . . The body would not yield in this conflict with the mightier genius; the artist saying "yes" to life, sought vehemently to defy the onset of emotion which threatened to break him down; but the water, intended only to cool his heated forehead, in doing so impaired the function whereby this mortal apprehended the higher spheres. *Tragedia incipit.*

This is Mr. Ludwig's own heroic way of telling us how, possibly, Beethoven lost his hearing. Here, between an introductory paragraph of his preface and a concluding one in his life of Beethoven, is a slip from the sublime to the ridiculous remarkably like a tail-spin. And it is a measure, although by no means an accurate one, of Mr. Ludwig's accomplishment in this volume.

His essay on Michelangelo appears to be largely an improvisation on Vasari's theme. He has generalized an earlier record. Perhaps the result is more readable. In the case of Rembrandt he goes on in this vein: "Inexorable Fate! How inconsistent, how lucid dost thou always remain," and so forth. This serves to cover important omissions. And in the essay on Beethoven we have already remarked that all is not gold which, for the sake of a prose style, appears to glitter.

"Three Titans" is quite a bad book. It isn't amusing. And the materials are shopworn.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

The Heir of Dickens

Angel Pavement. By J. B. Priestley. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

PERHAPS in the last year no writer has been more widely acclaimed than Mr. Priestley. With that sanguine overstatement characteristic of many critics he has been repeatedly named as a modern Dickens. Indeed it is not difficult to understand why this talented novelist has gained so widespread a recognition. The lively undangerous realism of his style, the acuteness of his observation, his power of recounting with accurate verisimilitude the thoughts and conversations of tedious commonplace people would insure for him, even without the kind of man in the street humor that is his, a wide and approving public. But to compare him to Dickens is obviously inappropriate, for Dickens's vulgarity is the vulgarity of genius. Mr. Priestley has not Dickens's surge of exuberant grotesqueries,

nor his power of illuminating with the imagination the backgrounds through which his characters move, nor his passionate love of life, his high whimsical twists and turns of dialogue, his irrepressible fancy.

"Angel Pavement" is the story of a group of workers employed in a London office, an ordinary business office in an ordinary backwater street of the great city. Each of these employees is typical of a class, each may be recognized, and we are shown the paucity of their lives, the dullness of their work, and their repressed longings for romance. The one character who has any vigor and initiative, Mr. Golspie, appears suddenly and reanimates their listless hearts, only to disappear as suddenly, having ruined the firm and left everyone worse off than they were before. Mr. Priestley loses no opportunity of describing the psychology of each one of his characters, whether it is Turgis, the junior clerk, so insignificant and so amorous, following hopelessly after the tough and heartless girl whom he finally tries to strangle, or Miss Matfield, the proud disillusioned typist who goes home each night to the girls' club where she lives, and where the starved and arid virginity of her companions is but a reflection of her own unhappy state.

It is difficult to say just why, with so much verbal dexterity, so much genuine knowledge of life, this book leaves one so completely unmoved. Perhaps it is that one requires in a major work of fiction either some character or characters in the story who can reflect with awareness and passion the fluctuating shades of the shifting situations, or one must be conscious in the author himself—the showman who has summoned us to his entertainment—of a powerful and discriminating mind controlling and manipulating with "relevant intensity" the characters he presents. Let me quote two typical sentences of Mr. Priestley:

A tall cadaverous virgin of forty-five or so, who displayed, especially in evening clothes, an uncomfortable amount of sharp gleaming bone, just as if the upper part of her was a relief map done in ivory.

Late guests may be divided into two classes, the repentant, who arrive perspiring and profusely apologetic, to babble about fogs and ancient taxis and stupid drivers, and the unrepentant who stalk in haughtily and look somewhat aggrieved when they see all the other guests, their eyebrows registering their disapproval of people who do not know what time their own parties begin.

It is clear why Mr. Priestley's writing appeals to a large audience. He is entirely lacking in any sense of style and entirely lacking in any sense of poetry. However, as a jocular interpreter of the trivial tone of our day, this second-rate writer remains possibly unsurpassed.

ALYSE GREGORY

Kuno Francke

Deutsche Arbeit in Amerika. By Kuno Francke. Leipzig: Felix Meiner Verlag. M. 5.20.

IT is a moving spectacle to see a man's life so completely identified with his ideals that he may with justice call his autobiographical account "*Deutsche Arbeit in Amerika*" (a title which cannot be translated into English without vitiating its modesty). This encomium permits no belittling by the evident objection that a scholar's work does not incur the danger of the politician's, namely, that of having to alloy the precious metal of its noble aims for practical currency; for although the late Mr. Francke's service as a cultural mediator between Germany and America had partly been performed in that realm where "thoughts dwell side by side in harmony" he had devoted no less energy to such practical and political

tasks as the Berlin-Harvard exchange of scholars and the magnificent foundation and upbuilding of the Harvard Germanic Museum.

From his characterization of men like Adolphus Busch and Kaiser Wilhelm we can surmise the secret of his success in obtaining official backing and funds for the museum. The twinkling eye of his Netherlands humor sized up the situation, his idealistic soul won the victory, and the justice of his warm heart, overcoming any personal inhibitions, fused even in retrospect objectivity of judgment with appreciation and gratitude.

These characteristic traits also permeate the whole of Mr. Francke's autobiographical sketch and make it delightful reading. It abounds in portraits and anecdotes which invariably illustrate the double point of view from which all those who live in two countries naturally look at things. But it is at the same time a coherent and full account of German-American relations during the past five decades, into which the war brought confusion and tragedy. That men on both sides of the ocean failed to understand Mr. Francke's attitude toward the problems with which he was suddenly confronted at that time is the strongest testimony to his sense of justice and to the courage with which he, the spiritual son of the Forty-eighters, stood up for his convictions.

We owe the publisher a debt of gratitude for having urged the writing of this book, which is fittingly adorned with five views from the Harvard Germanic Museum.

ERNST FEISE

Stage Englishmen at War

The Silence of Colonel Bramble. By André Maurois. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

PERHAPS no one has been so successful in the art of painless biography as André Maurois. Upon reading any one of his best sellers, "*Ariel*," "*Disraeli*," or "*Byron*," we are sure to be properly titillated but not shocked. Our credos concerning the subjects of M. Maurois's bland observation are dutifully satisfied. We are assured that Shelley was a gloriously bad boy, that Disraeli was a lovable and affectionate imperialist, that Byron was an adventurous fellow, symbolizing the Romantic Movement while carrying on an illicit love affair with his half-sister, and then, after we have firmly reestablished all these facts, we are permitted to relax once more into a dreamless sleep.

Now that war fiction has continued to break sales records in a dull publishing season, we are presented with a brand new edition of "*The Silence of Colonel Bramble*" with an introduction by Brand Whitlock. Mr. Whitlock, with the spirit of an American Legionnaire recalling "the good old days" in France, tells us how he discovered the manuscript of the book and of his immediate confidence in the author's ability. No doubt about it, those were the days when men walked like gods, brave and bashful, good fellows all of them, putting up a fair, clean, broad-shouldered fight for democracy, some of them taking a little time off for writing books. No wonder Mr. Whitlock has a special place reserved in his heart for this war-time discovery of his, with its harmless irony that brings a wry smile to the lips even though the eyes are filled with tears. Those English officers that Mr. Whitlock and André Maurois knew were such dear, stupid fellows.

The brief sketches woven around the activities of Colonel Bramble and his staff constitute a drawing-room comedy as seen through the eyes of a French military interpreter. They have about as much relationship to the activities of men in general and the war in particular as any one of Arthur Wing

Pinero's plays. Colonel Bramble is the popular idealization of the English public-school product (twin brother of the Gay Lord Quex), a trifle heavy and dull at first glance (just as Lord Quex was wicked), but really, like his twin, noble at heart. We see the staff interpreter, Aurelle, Dr. O'Grady, Major Parker, the padre, and the Colonel himself at mess. Shells are booming overhead. The Colonel plays his gramophone. Aurelle writes light verse of a kind that is slightly below the standard of a New York newspaper columnist. The doctor plays chess with the padre. The men tell each other innocuous little jokes about military red tape. The Colonel has one joke that's all his own: "The life of a soldier is one of great hardship, not infrequently mingled with moments of real danger." Everything is neat and cozy. Everything is graced with that inimitable French irony, familiar as the "haw-haw" British accent of a Broadway Englishman. Eventually the padre is killed and Aurelle is wounded—all quite sad, but such things are bound to happen in a world war. The Colonel, model of sportsmanship and rectitude, becomes a general and the book is brought to an end.

André Maurois has a perfect formula; he never forgets the obvious. No one would dispute his charm or his professional cleverness; he is so clever that we are certain he will not outlive his generation.

HORACE GREGORY

Our Religious Heritage

The Religious Background of American Culture. By Thomas Cuming Hall. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

DR. HALL, who is professor of English and American history and culture at the University of Göttingen, remarks that very little fundamental work is done on the religious history of the United States, and asks why it should be so when it is the general impression that the religious groups of this country have, always, had considerable power and influence. Some very good reasons occur to me. The American people have been desperately untheological, and more than that have been sectarian to such an extent that anything more than a chronological account of the history of a given sect has seemed a waste of time. More reputable scholars have avoided the topic as one bound to give offense if treated with critical insight. The "village atheists" have had no interest in the subject whatsoever and the unreligious have found too many other things to interest them. So altogether it has been an uncultivated and even avoided field. It is a genuine pleasure to read, then, at last, a work like the one under review.

The work is at once historical and critical, iconoclastic and constructive. Dr. Hall attempts to discover just what, in essence, the dominating religious tradition of our history has been. He has not tried to write a history of dogmatic theology in this country, nor an historical sketch of the various sects in their disparities and relations. He has rather gone back to the intellectual origins of our country and shown just what was brought here, religiously speaking, by the early immigrants. The one major point he makes—and he rightly stresses it again and again—is that the so-called Puritan tradition in this country is misnamed and misunderstood. This error he attributes largely to the theological ignorance of our early historians, an ignorance which their successors have not repaired. He hopes "that all who read and understand [his book] will in the future instinctively translate the term 'Puritan' in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred by the more exact phrase, 'the Anglo-American Dissenting Mind.'" Thus our convenient bludgeon becomes a ten-foot pole!

The Anglo-American dissenting mind was in origin a reflex from a definite social situation. It was the end product of the

economic hostility existing between the Anglo-Saxon masses and the Norman aristocrats in early England. Some of the characteristics it developed down the centuries were hostility to the established church, whether it be the Roman or Anglo-Catholic; an active opposition to aesthetic expression, since it was, in the early days, associated with the official church; hostility to the social graces and pleasures which were indulged in by the ruling class, and a respect for economic success induced by a desire to achieve position in the world which would then advance religious fortunes. Hostility to the established church took many forms besides overt hostility and suspicion of its corporate activities. It took the form of an indifference to theology in the formal sense. [Dissenting theology, Dr. Hall implies, has been rather poor stuff of little originality and less intellectual worth even within its limits.] Hostility to the established church also reduced, at the other end of the scale, the value of church property, making splits and rejoinings easier than hitherto, encouraging the multiplication of sects. The founder of the dissenting tradition, as far as it had a founder, Dr. Hall takes to be Wyclif. It was a much more radical protestantism than any other.

With this idea in hand Dr. Hall proceeds to review the religious history of this country and demonstrates how the dissenting tradition has expressed itself on our soil. And a most interesting historical survey it makes. For instance, there is the matter of the Puritans. The Puritans, Dr. Hall shows, were a sect within the Church of England whose intellectual sustenance was drawn from Continental Protestantism (particularly Calvinism). They succeeded in establishing but a very precarious foothold in this country. They did not engage the suffrage of the majority of the people of New England, who were, rather, dissenters. Their one great aspiration, to establish a theocracy, was a failure. Not even Jonathan Edwards was a Puritan in the correct sense, but a dissenter, and Dr. Hall quotes chapter and verse to show that Edwards had little direct acquaintance with Calvin's works. The dissenters were hostile to Calvin's ecclesiastical aspirations as well as to his emphasis on the sacraments. The most important point the two groups had in common was a belief in predestinarianism.

And so this interesting book goes on, showing, for example, the lack of influence of the Great Awakening upon the intellectual classes and the small part played by any religious group as a group in the Revolution and the formation of the Constitution. It closes with a miscellany of chapters on such topics as the Catholics in America, Continental Protestantism [e.g., Lutheranism] in America, etc. Altogether this work strikes the writer as one of the most original monographs on American religious history he has been privileged to read.

C. HARTLEY GRATAN

Art in India

Early Indian Sculpture. By Ludwig Bachhofer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. \$63.

DURING the past few years several excellent works on the art of India have appeared, among them Codrington's "Ancient India" and Coomaraswamy's "History of Indian and Indonesian Art," which show great advance over the works of a similar general character preceding them. To these must now be added Bachhofer's "Early Indian Sculpture." This large treatment is more limited both in range of field and period of time than the others I have mentioned; for, as its title indicates, it does not touch architecture and painting, and it is substantially confined to the last three centuries B. C. and the first two A. D. The next runs to about 180 large pages and the illustrations fill 161 plates; yet the discussion is pur-

used so carefully and lucidly and the author's conclusions are so well founded upon available archaeological evidence that the final impression is that the author has employed the strictest economy of method, word, and illustration.

The main purpose of the work is to describe the development of style during the five centuries covered. As Bachhofer tells us, the aims of Indian art have always been the same; only the means have varied from period to period. Thus, in this early period we have first a stage of very primitive stone sculpture, possibly based on wooden prototypes, which is frontal and angular; then a stage when the art finds itself and we have an ordered and regular style, classic, with depth and softened line; and finally a stage of free development culminating in the riotous, illusionistic art of Amaravati, where the intricacy of line and composition and the astounding feeling for movement produce reliefs that are never to be excelled.

This is the course of development in India proper. Side by side with its latter stages existed the Indo-Hellenistic art of Gandhara, into the discussion of which Bachhofer instills more system than has anyone else. This phase of India's art still has some problems to be solved, such as the long extent of time between the date Bachhofer accepts for the earliest example we have of it and the period of its most prolific exploitation, but in general his account is convincing.

That there will be scholars who will not agree with Bachhofer on all points is inevitable but not necessarily prejudicial; on some points certainty is impossible. That the book, with its veritable album of splendid illustrations and plausibly reasoned conclusions, is of high importance to serious students of art, especially that of India, is undeniable.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Books in Brief

The Little Dog Laughed. By Leonard Merrick. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50

Those who in the past have liked Mr. Merrick's graceful short stories should enjoy this volume of his latest ones—unless, indeed, with the change of times and tastes they are unfortunate enough to discover that what was once able to charm seems to have lost the magic touch. Mr. Merrick, like Hewlett and Locke, like Barrie, belongs to the literature of the first decade and a half of this century. In that period, for several qualities, he deserves a permanent niche among the story writers. This new collection of tales has all the Merrick flavor and treats of most of the familiar subjects—the theater with its bright tinsel and its emptiness, simple and romantic lovers in stories oddly twisted and contrived, obscure lives imbedded in a gentle, even whimsical, irony, pictures of a sober Bohemia. They are about evenly divided between France and England in setting, and between a pervasive melancholy and an ironic pleasantry in flavor. All are done with that restrained and delicate craftsmanship which won the admiration of Merrick's fellow-writers long before he enjoyed the popular favor. The first story, the last, and Vengeance of Dutripon are particularly recommended to those who have heretofore missed Mr. Merrick, or half forgotten him, and who wish to sample the special qualities of his wares.

The Patriot's Progress. Related by Henry Williamson and Drawn by William Kermode. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Williamson, in his luminous descriptive prose, has written a second fine war book. It is the story of a young English private who might well have been named Everysoldier. For we are not shown the inner life of John Bullock in those

respects wherein he differed from his fellows; but we recognize him at once because he typifies his fellows. The reader follows Everysoldier from the time he joins up with high hopes and inflamed spirits on through his terrible ordeals and into the Valley of the Shadow of agony to his emergence, crippled, forever handicapped. The story is short, graphic, and haunting. It belongs among the best of the increasing number of war memorials in literature.

Red Snow. By F. Wright Moxley. Simon and Schuster. \$1.

Mr. F. Wright Moxley, having contrived to render the human race completely sterile, stands by and watches it march down the years to oblivion. Let no one think that his story is a mere device to enable a prophet and satirist to flagellate humanity for its errors. Mr. Moxley has not the vision of prophecy nor the touch of satire. He pounds his ideas home with a sledge-hammer, and strives, against the enormous difficulties, for realism. There is nothing diffident about Mr. Moxley. He plunges in where a Swift or a Butler would fear to tread, and tells a tale full of sound and fury, signifying very little. In short, it is a hodge-podge of underdone notions, impossible situations, and rant. Yet there is a possibility that if Mr. Moxley acquired a little discipline, he might, with his vivid imagination and headlong style, do an interesting book.

Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

On November 14, 1912, Henry James wrote to Dr. J. William White:

I must simply state to you, my dear William, that I can't so much as *think* of Mr. Roosevelt for two consecutive moments: he has become to me, these last months, the mere monstrous embodiment of unprecedented resounding Noise; the steps he lately took toward that effect—of presenting himself as the noisiest figure, or agency of any kind, in the long, dire annals of the human race—having with me at least so consummately succeeded. I can but see him and hear him and feel him as raging sound and fury; and if ever man was in a phase of his weary development or stage of his persistent decline (as you will call it) or crisis of his afflicted nerves (which you will say I deserve), *not* to wish to roar with that Babel, or to be roared at by it, that worm-like creature is your irreconcilable friend.

Mr. Owen Wister, grandson of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, nephew of the Dean of Hereford, and otherwise nobly connected, continues the noise in a most exacerbating and exasperating fashion. The book is replete with all the Rooseveltian vices and virtues together with all the vices and virtues (the latter self-assigned) of the author of "The Virginian" and other romances to the list of which this present book is a notable addition.

Drama

The Career of Mr. Kibbee

BEYOND the borders of New York it may be that bigger and better plays are being marshaled for the new season, but with Labor Day come and gone the report on current fare can only be a brief "not much." One comedy, it is true, provides at least an act of skilful theatrical effectiveness, and this same "Torch Song," by Kenyon Nicholson, is animated by one extraordinary performance. Indeed Arthur Hopkins has cast it well throughout.

Still, this play, although the present pick of the puppies, is at best an echo. Without "Rain" it could hardly have been



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written. The formula of the preacher and the wanton has been reversed into the Salvation Army girl and the traveling salesman. Lest any member of an honorable profession be offended I may add, reversed and also amended. In other words, the American theater in the year 1930 is still chained to the notion that whatever has succeeded can be endlessly retold to the delight of all beholders.

But it is not my purpose to pose as a prophet of doom. If "Torch Song" is less than a masterpiece it is good entertainment and even offers some of the aspects of really first-rate drama. In a fashion rather characteristic of native plays the more incredible incidents occur in the working out of the main plot. The background and the extraneous incidents are wholly convincing. I have seen this same bargain used in the theater many times. If you will let a playwright have one good whopping lie to build on he will often solace you with much truth in his sidelines. In other words, the so-called "big scene" is generally the moment of least interest. Do away with the hero and heroine in the bulk of Broadway plays and you are likely to get accurately and eloquently drawn people, but you can't say as much for the leading characters.

To a certain extent this has been done by Kenyon Nicholson. He has undertaken to tell the story of a jilted girl in a cabaret who meets her lover a year after. By this time a militant member of the Salvation Army, she undertakes to convert the man only to learn, suddenly, in the big scene, that her ardor is not preponderantly religious. Even "Rain," which set the pace for plays of this order, was not trumpeting a brand new idea in its exposition of the fact that there may be a strong erotic element in religion. But the curious and subtle mingling of emotion is not actually clarified by any such simplification of the problem as occurs in "Torch Song," a simplification which sets the heroine to dancing wildly to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" as the curtain descends at the close of the second act.

It must be that there is a significant play in the Salvation Army. It is by all odds the favorite churchly theme of all dramatic writers throughout the English speaking world. Shaw used it and Edward Sheldon and others too numerous to mention. And yet I have never seen the land of drum and tambourine explored in any way which seemed to suggest the knowledge of one who understood the organization from within. The Army never serves as a real object of laboratory study but merely as a device. Among other things the costume is one strikingly becoming to any leading lady.

But, having contented himself with the traditional surface sketch of the Salvationists, Kenyon Nicholson has gone on to do some extremely interesting dramatic reporting on the lives of commercial travelers marooned in a fourth-rate hotel in a third-rate Ohio town. Quite obviously it is this part of the play which enlists Mr. Nicholson's keenest interest and brings out his best work. The main plot is pretty well blanketed by the character of Cass Wheeler, a veteran of the road who has sold everything from dress goods to morticians' supplies. This well-written role finds interpretation in a superb performance. Guy Kibbee, an actor never before seen in New York, not only runs but walks and waddles away with the play. It is reported that Mr. Kibbee has spent more than twenty years on the stage. And his first taste of metropolitan success has come at the age of forty.

There is probably a much better play in the life of Cass Wheeler than in the main plot of "Torch Song." In fact there is probably a much better play in the career of Mr. Kibbee. Hold on, we've stumbled on an excellent title. "The Career of Mr. Kibbee" would be admirable in lights. I offer it to Mr. Nicholson as a small return for the first interesting evening I have spent in the theater since the new season opened.

HEYWOOD BROWN

Films

Mr. Griffith's New "Epic"

IN this still undeveloped and primitive art of the movies which is ruled by standards several degrees below those that are acknowledged in other arts, fame and achievement mean precisely as much as you are willing to grant them. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the bombastic platitudes and mawkish sentimentality of such films as "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Orphans of the Storm," or "Way Down East" are the very qualities that endeared their author, D. W. Griffith, to the masses of the American public. Yet it would be unfair to judge Mr. Griffith by his reputation as a popular film director. His main claim to be counted in the first rank of the artists of the movies is based on something much more solid than the frothy sentiment of his great "epics." In D. W. Griffith the art of the movies had its first great craftsman who knew how to tell a story by means of the camera and the film. A pioneer in the use of such devices as parallel action, close up, and fade out, he at the same time showed himself to be completely master of his material and to have a sense of dramatic action and expressive detail that placed him head and shoulders above his early contemporaries.

Now, in "Abraham Lincoln" (Central) Mr. Griffith is attempting to recapture some of his old glory. By the standards of his early work he almost succeeds in doing so. "Abraham Lincoln" has an epic grandeur comparable to that of "The Birth of a Nation." But the art of the movies has not remained still during the past ten years, at least outside of America; and its more recent advances, one feels, take a great deal of luster out of Mr. Griffith's present achievement.

It is to be counted to Mr. Griffith's credit that the story of "Abraham Lincoln" is completely free of the false pathos that made the refrain of "the cradle endlessly rocking" in "Intolerance" so painfully vulgar. The forthright simplicity of the new film has much genuine charm, and one could hardly wish for anything better in the matter of the delineation of character and general atmosphere. Lincoln himself as played by Walter Huston, and most of the other characters, are completely convincing. The moving scene of the bleak, bare tree stumps in the opening and concluding shots demonstrates Mr. Griffith's sense of pictorial atmosphere. The photography is excellent throughout, and one notes with pleasure the battle scenes as examples of perfectly clean and nice warfare, which is so different from the inevitable mud and corpses in shell holes of the other recent war pictures. It is only when the picture is viewed as a whole that one realizes its essential defect, its lack of dramatic quality. Probably, because of its discursiveness, which sprang inevitably from the desire to cover as much ground as possible, the real drama that was in Lincoln's life story somehow fails to emerge. Though well maintained, the interest in the story never culminates in one of those sweeping climaxes that made the early Griffith films so effective.

But though "Abraham Lincoln" may signify Mr. Griffith's return to popular favor and box-office success, it discloses no evidence of a step forward in the direction of cinematic uses of sound. As a talkie "Abraham Lincoln" is a good old silent Griffith, and much as we are pleased to renew acquaintance with an old master we should have liked it more if we saw as much originality in his tackling of the new problems as he had shown in the past in tackling the problems of his day.

"Old English" (Warner Brothers) is fairly good entertainment, but less subtle in acting than one expects from George Arliss.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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Contributors to This Issue

EARNEST K. LINDLEY is the Albany correspondent of the New York *World*.

ARNOLD ROLLER is a journalist writing on Latin-American affairs. He has traveled extensively in Latin America, including Peru.

HOWARD S. CULLMAN, commissioner of the Port of New York Authority, is president of Beekman Street Hospital and a director of Flower Hospital.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS STEWARD has given special attention to conditions surrounding the work of Negro artists in the United States.

VIRGINIA MOORE is the author of a book of poems, "Sweet Water and Bitter."

EUGENE LÖHRKE is editor of "Armageddon: The World War in Literature."

ALYSE GREGORY was managing editor of the *Dial*.

ERNST FEISE is a member of the department of German at the Johns Hopkins University.

HORACE GREGORY will publish this fall "Chelsea Rooming House," a book of verse.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is editor of "The Critique of Humanism."

W. NORMAN BROWN is professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

□ WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT □

PLAYS TO SEE

†Dancing Partners—44 St., E. of B'way.

†Lysistrata—44 St.—44 St., W. of B'way.

*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.

‡The New Garrick Gaities—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.

†Topaze—Barrymore—47 St., W. of B'way.

*Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.

FILMS

News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46th St.

Old English—Warner Bros.—52 St. & B'way.

One Romantic Night, Saturday, September 13-16; The Man from Wyoming, Wednesday, September 17-19; The Plaza, 58 St. E. of Madison Ave.

Storm Over Asia—Cameo—42 St. & B'way.

The Social Lion, Saturday, September 13-16; The Unholy Three, Wednesday, September 17-19; Little Carnegie, 57 St., E. of 7 Ave.

DISCUSSION

"Plunging Into Politics," Heywood Broun, Tuesday evening, September 16, at 8:30—Auditorium, 150 W. 85 St.

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Reorganizing the Cotton Trade

THE *Manchester Guardian* for August 13 prints the following extracts from a recent report on the reorganization of the depressed cotton industry in Great Britain:

The evidence submitted by the cotton trade unions to the Government Committee of Inquiry into the cotton industry last autumn has now been printed as a pamphlet. It is issued by the Publicity Department of the Trade Unions Congress for the United Textile Factory Workers' Association.

The evidence sets out in considerable detail its statement of the "facts" of the depression in the industry, and of the "causes." These were summed up as follows:

To sum up, we are convinced that as far as factors within the control of the industry are concerned, the main cause of the failure to compete successfully in certain markets is the chaotic and wasteful organization of the industry, with its horizontal division into separate sections, its small units, its failure to encourage and utilize research, its middlemen, and its internal competition. This position has been aggravated, especially in the American spinning section, by the unwise finance of the boom period.

Suggestions for the "rational organization of the industry" were then made. Support was recommended for the Lancashire Cotton Corporation and for amalgamations in the Egyptian section, and it was added:

But in our opinion this is only the beginning. We consider that the intensity of world competition demands that vertical integration should take place simultaneously with horizontal combination. We place the needs of the industry above the interests of any group, and consider that it is essential to provide for:

1. Bulk buying of raw material.
2. Closest cooperation between spinners, weavers, finishers, and merchants.
3. Standardization of product and mass production, where suitable.
4. Control of distributing channels and prices—a necessary corollary to mass production.

The arguments for bulk buying and bulk marketing were stressed, and it was said:

The necessity for cooperation in buying, production, and marketing is especially evident from a study of Japanese and Continental methods. . . . We need not, of course, attempt to copy exactly the methods of other countries. Lancashire has its own peculiar features and problems, and all measures taken must have these special circumstances in mind, and must also have in mind the general economic situation and the character of our people. Any large-scale plan for compulsory regrouping in accordance with strict logic would be unworkable. We do not, for instance, suggest that it is possible to standardize all Lancashire's products according to a very few patterns, or that one single agency could be created to handle any and every market for cotton goods, or that automatic looms can immediately replace all existing looms, or that the Liverpool raw-cotton market can at once be eliminated by direct bulk buying. But this is not to say that no simplification of patterns is possible, that no mass production is possible, that cooperative marketing cannot be established with due regard for the different needs of different markets, that the adoption of the newest types of efficient machinery under proper conditions cannot be expedited, or that centralized buying cannot immediately cut out some of the middlemen and speculators. . . .

The precise measures that can be adopted to eliminate waste and inefficiency in all these and other directions can best be framed by those who are expert in the affairs of the industry. We realize that the Government cannot do this job itself; it can only stimulate, encourage, and help the employers and trade unions in the trade, in cooperation with and with the assistance where necessary of the banks, to frame the necessary measures and put them into effect. The Joint Committee of Cotton Trade Organizations has already made a number of valuable reports, some of them, as already indicated, dealing with these very matters. We wish to see those reports given concrete shape and put into operation, and other plans prepared covering the entire field.

The final conclusions of the operatives' evidence were:

Our suggestions on organization, therefore, comprise:

- (a) the establishment of a central association, representing all sections of the industry, for the consideration of the problems and policy of the industry as a whole;
- (b) the expansion of the British Cotton-growing Association into a central buying agency for the raw cotton supplies (including American) of the entire trade;
- (c) the formation of a central selling agency, especially for the bulk trade to the Eastern markets.

Our suggestion on finance is that the government should, through the Bank of England or otherwise, arrange for financial facilities to be given in approved cases, on similar terms to those already arranged for the Lancashire Cotton Corporation.

The immediate objects of these measures would be:

1. To simplify the buying of raw cotton by eliminating unnecessary middlemen and speculation and by central buying for those cases in which direct bulk buying is possible.
2. To extend as rapidly as possible the area of control of the Lancashire Cotton Corporation, and of the new combine in the Egyptian section.
3. To establish central marketing for the Eastern and Far Eastern trade in particular, with the elimination of unnecessary middlemen and harmful internal competition.

These steps, stimulated by the activities and advice of a central association for the whole trade, would, it is believed, facilitate vertical integration of the various sections of the industry and the widespread adoption (under proper conditions) of the most modern plant and technique.

What is now needed, in the view of the operatives' unions, is a strong lead in this direction from the government; an intimation that the past policy of drift has to stop now, in the interests of the industry with its half-million workers, and in the interests of the economic welfare of the nation as a whole.

We think the government should, therefore, without delay, announce its view that reorganization of the industry on modern lines is essential, that it is prepared to help with advice, and in certain cases by insuring that loans are made available for genuine reconstruction, and that if reorganization is not seriously attempted within a short time compulsory powers will be sought. As an earnest of its intention to help, the government should invite the trade associations, trade unions, banks, and other appropriate bodies in the different sections of the industry to meet government representatives in order that the steps proposed to be taken by the government could be explained and discussed. If, as a result, prompt action is taken on the lines suggested, we are confident that efficiency can be restored, markets regained, and the prosperity of Lancashire reestablished, while at the same time giving to the workers in the industry full employment and a standard of living fit for a civilized country.

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